THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,

NO. 132 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } Editors and Proprietors.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1859.

{ ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 2004 }

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST,

A FAMILY PAPER,

Devoted to News, Literature, &c.

TERMS (CASH IN ADVANCE.)

SINGLE COPY $2,00 A-YEAR.

☞ For terms to Clubs—Beautiful Premium Engravings, &c.—see next page.

OUR DEAD.

Nothing is our own; we hold our pleasures
Just a little while, ere they are fled.
One by one life robs us of our treasures;
Nothing is our own except our dead.

They are ours, and hold in faithful keeping
Safe for ever, all they took away.
Cruel life can never stir that sleeping,
Cruel time can never seize that prey.

Justice pales; truth fades; stars fall from Heaven;
Human are the great whom we revere;
No true crown of honor can be given,
Till the wreath lies on a funeral bier.

How the children leave us; and no traces
Linger of that smiling angel band;
Gone, for ever gone; and in their places,
Weary men and anxious women stand.

Yet we have some little ones, still ours;
They have kept the baby smile we know,
Which we kissed one day, and hid with flowers
On their dead white faces long ago.

When our joy is lost; and life will take it,
Then no memory of the past remains;
Save with some strange, cruel sting, that makes it
Bitterness beyond all present pains.

Death, more tender-hearted, leaves to sorrow
Still the radiant shadow—fond regret;
We shall find, in some far bright to-morrow,
Joy that he has taken, living yet.

Is love ours, and do we dream we know it,
Bound with all our heart-strings, all our own;
Any cold and cruel dawn may show it,
Shattered, desecrated, overthrown.

Only the dead hearts forsake us never;
Love, that to death's loyal care has fled,
Is thus consecrated ours for ever,
And no change can rob us of our dead.

So when fate comes to besiege our city,
Dim our gold, or make our flowers fall,
Death, the angel, comes in love and pity,
And to save our treasures, claims them all.

THE ALLEN HOUSE;

OR,

TWENTY YEARS AGO, AND NOW.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by T. S. Arthur, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The conduct of Mr. Wallingford, in regard to the estate which had fallen into his hands, rather puzzled Dewey. He had anticipated an early notification to remove, and, true to his character, had determined to annoy the new owner by vexatious delays. But after the passage of several weeks, in which came to him no intimation that he must give up the possession of his elegant home, he began to wonder what it could mean.

One day, not long after the conversation with Wallingford, mentioned in the last chapter, I met Mr. Dewey in the street. He stopped me and said, in a half-sneering way,

"What of our honorable friend? Impatient, I suppose, to see the inside of the Allen House?"

"No," I replied, "he has no wish to disturb you for the present."

"Indeed! You expect me to believe all that, of course."

There was a rudeness in his manner that was offensive; but I did not care to let him see that I noticed it.

"Why should you not believe my remark?" said I. "Is it a new thing in your experience with men to find an individual considerate of her?"

"What do you mean by considerate of another?"

My form of speech touched his pride.

"Mr. Wallingford has manifested towards you a considerate spirit," said I, speaking slowly and distinctly. "It naturally occurs to him that, as you are so pleasantly situated at the Allen House, an early removal therefrom might be anything but desirable.—And so he has rested quietly up to this time, leaving a decision as to the period with yourself."

"Humph! Very unselfish, truly!"

His lip curled in disdain.

"If you feel restive under this concession in your favor," said I, putting on a serious manner, "I would suggest independence as a remedy."

He looked at me curiously, yet with a scowling contraction of his brows.

"Independence! What am I to understand by your remark?"

"Simply this, Mr. Dewey. You are in the occupancy of property belonging to Mr. Wallingford, and by his favor. Now, if you cannot receive a kindness at his hands, in the name of all that is manly and independent, put yourself out of the range of obligation."

I was not able to repress a sudden feeling of indignation, and so spoke with warmth and plainness.

"Thank you for your plainness of speech, Doctor," he retorted, drawing himself up in a haughty manner. "As to removing from the Allen House, I will do that just when it suits my pleasure."

"Mr. Wallingford, you may be assured," said I, "will not show any unseemly impatience, if you do not find it convenient to make an early removal. He knows that it cannot be agreeable for you to give up the home of years, and he is too much of a Christian and a gentleman to do violence to another's feelings, if it can be in any way avoided."

"Pah! I hate cant!"

He threw his head aside in affected disgust.

"We judge men by their actions, not their words," said I. "If a man acts with considerate kindness, is it cant to speak of him in terms of praise? Pardon me, Mr. Dewey, but I think you are letting passion blind you to another's good qualities."

"The subject is disagreeable to me, Doctor. Let us waive it."

"It was introduced by yourself, remember," I replied, "and all that I have said has been in response to your own remarks. This much good has grown from it. You know just how Mr. Wallingford stands towards you, and you can govern yourself according to your own views in the case. And now let me volunteer this piece of advice. Never wantonly give offence to another, for you cannot tell how soon you may find yourself in need of his good services."

Dewey gave me a formal bow, and passed on his way.

About a week afterwards, Judge Bigelow inquired of Wallingford as to when he wished to get possession of the Allen House.

"Whenever Mr. Dewey finds it entirely convenient to remove," was the unhesitating reply.

"Suppose it should not be convenient this fall or winter?"

"Very well. The spring will suit me. I am in no hurry. We are too comfortable in Ivy Cottage to be in any wise impatient for change."

"Then it is your pleasure that Mr. Dewey remain until spring?"

"If such an arrangement is desirable on his part, Judge, it is altogether accordant with my feelings and convenience. Say to him that he has only to consult his own wishes in the case."

"You are kind and considerate, Mr. Wallingford," said the Judge, his manner softening considerably, for there had been a coldness of some years' standing on the part of Judge Bigelow, which more recent events had increased.

"And why should it be otherwise, Judge?" inquired his old student.

"Mr. Dewey has not given you cause for either kindness or consideration."

"It would hurt me more than it would him, were I to foster his unhappy spirit. It is always best, I find, Judge, to be right with myself."

"All men would find it better for themselves, were they to let so fine a sentiment govern their lives," remarked Judge Bigelow, struck by the language of Wallingford.

"It is the only true philosophy," was replied. "If a man is right with himself, he cannot be wrong towards others; though it is possible, as in my case, that other eyes, looking through a densely refracting medium, may see him out of his just position. But he would act very unwisely were he to change his position, for all that. He will be seen right in the end."

Judge Bigelow reached out his hand and grasped that of Mr. Wallingford.

"Spoken like a man, Henry! Spoken like a man!" he said, warmly. "I only wish that Ralph had something of your spirit. I have seen you a little out of your right position, I believe; but a closer view is correcting the error."

Wallingford returned the pressure as warmly as it was given, saying, as he did so,

"I am aware, Judge, that you have suffered your mind to fall into a state of prejudice in regard to me. But I am not aware of anything in my conduct towards you or others, to warrant the feeling. If in anything I have been brought into opposition, faithfulness to the interests I represented has been the rule of my conduct. I have sought by no trick of law to gain an advantage. The right and the just I have endeavored to pursue, without fear and without favor. Can you give me a better rule for professional or private life?"

"I cannot, Henry," was the earnest reply. "And if all men would so pursue the right and the just, how different would be the result for each, as the sure adjustment of advancing years gave them their true places in the world's observation."

The Judge spoke in a half-absent way, and with a shade of regret in his tones; Wallingford noted this with a feeling of concern.

"Let us be friends in the future," he added, again offering his hand to Wallingford.

"It will be your fault, not mine, if we are not fast friends, Judge. I have never forgotten the obligations of my boyhood; and never ceased to regret the alienation you have shown. To have seemed in your eyes ungrateful, has been a source of pain whenever I saw or thought of you."

The two men parted, each feeling better for the interview. A day or two afterwards Wallingford received a note from Judge Bigelow asking him, as a particular favor, to call at his office that evening. He went, of course. The Judge was alone, and received him cordially. But, his countenance soon fell into an expression of more than usual gravity.

"Mr. Wallingford," he said, after the passage of a few casual observations, "I would like to consult you in strict confidence on some matters in which I have become involved. I can trust you of course."

"As fully as if the business were my own," the unhesitating answer.

"So I have believed. The fact is, Henry, I have become so entangled in this cotton mill business with Squire Floyd, Dewey and others, that I find myself in a maze of bewildering uncertainty. The Squire and Ralph are at loggerheads; and seem to me to be getting matters snarled up. There is no denying the fact that this summary footing of our accounts, as executors, has tended to cripple affairs. We were working up to the full extent of capital invested, and the absence of a hundred thousand dollars—or its representative security—has made financiering a thing of no easy consideration."

"I am afraid, Judge Bigelow," said Wallingford, as the old man paused, "that you are in the hands of one who, to gain his own ends, would sacrifice you without a moment's hesitation."

"Who?"

"You will permit me to speak plainly, Judge."

"Say on. The plain speech of a friend is better than the flatteries of an enemy."

"I have no faith in Ralph Dewey."

The two men looked steadily at each other for some moments.

"Over fifteen years' observation of the man has satisfied me that he possesses neither honor nor humanity. He is your nephew. But that does not signify. We must look at men as they are."

"His movements have not been to my satisfaction for some time," said the Judge, speaking as though conviction had to force itself upon his mind.

"You should canvass all he does with the closest care; and if your property lies in any degree at his mercy change the relation as quickly as possible."

"Are you not prejudiced against him, Henry?" The Judge spoke in a deprecating tone.

"I believe, sir, that I estimate him at his real value; and I do most earnestly conjure you to set to work at once to disentangle your affairs if seriously involved with his. If you do not he will beggar you in your old age, which God forbid!"

"I am far from sure that I can disentangle my affairs," said the Judge.

"There is nothing like trying, you know." Wallingford spoke in a tone of encouragement. "And everything may depend on beginning in time. In what way are you involved with him?"

It was some time before Judge Bigelow answered this direct question. He then replied,

"Heavily in the way of endorsements."

"Of his individual paper?"

"Yes. Also of the paper of his firm."

"To an extent beyond your ability to pay if there should be failure on their part?"

"Yes; to three times my ability to pay."

Wallingford dropped his eyes to the floor, and sat for some time. He then looked up into Judge Bigelow's face and said,

"If that be so I can see only one way for you."

"Say on."

"Let no more endorsements be given from this day forth."

"How can I suddenly refuse? The thing has been going on for years."

"You can refuse to do wrong on the plea of wrong. If your name gives no real value to a piece of paper, yet accredits it in the eyes of others, it is wrong for you to place your endorsement thereon. Is not this so?"

"I admit the proposition, Henry."

"Very well. The only way to get right is to start right. And my dear, dear sir! let me implore you to take immediately the first step in a right direction. Standing outside of the charmed circle of temptation as I do, I can see the right way for your feet to walk in better than you can. Oh, sir! Let me be eyes and hands and feet for you if need be; and if it is not too late I will save you from impending ruin."

Wallingford took the old man's hand, and grasped it warmly as he spoke. The Judge was moved by this earnest appeal, coming upon him so unexpectedly; and not only moved, but startled and alarmed by the tenor of what was said.

"The first thing," he remarked, after taking time to get his thoughts clear, "if I accept of your friendly overtures, is for me to lay before you everything just as it is, so that you can see where I stand, and how I stand. Without this your view of the case would be partial, and your conclusions might not be right."

"That is unquestionably so," Wallingford replied. "And now, Judge, if you wish my friendly aid, confide in me as you would a son or brother. You will find me as true as steel."

A revelation succeeded that filled Mr. Wallingford with painful astonishment. The endorsements of Judge Bigelow, on paper brought to him by Dewey, and of which he took no memorandums, covered, no doubt, from a hundred to a hundred and fifty thousand dollars! Than, as to the affairs of the Clinton Bank, of which Judge Bigelow was still the president, he felt a great deal of concern. The cashier and Mr. Dewey knew far more about the business and condition of the institution than anybody else; and managed it pretty much in their own way. The directors, if not men of straw, might almost as well have been, for all the intelligent control they exercised. As for Judge Bigelow, the principal duty required of him was to sign his name as president to great sheets of bank bills, the denomination running from one dollar to a thousand. Touching the extent to which these representatives of value were issued he knew nothing certain. He was shown, at regular periods, a statement wherein the condition of the bank was set forth, and to which he appended his signature. But he had no certain knowledge that the figures were correct. Of the paper under discount over two-thirds was drawn or endorsed by Floyd, Lawson, Lee & Co.

At the time Judge Bigelow began investing in mill property, he was worth, in productive stocks and real estate, from thirty to forty thousand dollars. He now estimated his wealth at from sixty to eighty thousand dollars; but it was all locked up in the mills.

The result of this first interview between the Judge and Mr. Wallingford was to set the former in a better position to see the character of his responsibilities, and the extreme danger in which he stood. The clear, honest, common sense way in which Wallingford looked at everything, and comprehended everything, surprised his old preceptor; and gave him so much confidence in his judgment and discretion, that he placed himself fully in his hands. And well for him was it that he did so in time.

CHAPTER XXIX.

In accordance with the advice of Mr. Wallingford, the first reactionary movement on the part of Judge Bigelow, was his refusal to endorse any more paper for his nephew, or the firm of which he was a member; on the ground that such endorsements, on his part, were of no real value, considering the large amounts for which he was already responsible, and consequently little better than fraudulent engagements to pay.

A storm between the uncle and nephew was the consequence, and the latter undertook to drive the old gentleman back again into the traces, by threats of terrible disasters to him and all concerned. If Judge Bigelow had stood alone, the nephew would have been too strong for him. But he had a clear-seeing, honest mind to throw light upon his way, and a young and vigorous arm to lean upon in his hour of weakness and trial. And so Ralph Dewey, to his surprise and alarm, found it impossible to bend the Judge from his resolution.

Then followed several weeks, during which time Dewey was flying back and forth between New York and S——, trying to readjust the disturbed balance of things. The result was as Mr. Wallingford had anticipated. There was too much at stake for the house of Floyd, Lawson, Lee & Co., to let matters fall for lack of Judge Bigelow's endorsements. Some other prop must be substituted for this one.

The four months that followed, were months of anxious suspense on the part of Judge Bigelow and his true friend, who was standing beside him, though invisible in this thing to all other eyes, firm as a rocky pillar. No more endorsements were given, and the paper bearing his name, was, by this time, nearly all paid.

"Right so far," said Mr. Wallingford, at the expiration of the time in which most of the paper bearing Judge Bigelow's name, reached its maturity. "And now for the next safe move in this difficult game, where the odds are still against us. You must get out of this Bank."

The Judge looked gravely opposed.

"It may awaken suspicion that something is wrong, and create a run upon the Bank, which would be ruin."

"Can you exercise a controlling influence in the position you hold? Can you be true, as President of the Clinton Bank, to the public interest you represent?"

"I cannot. They have made of me an automaton."

"Very well. That settles the question. You cannot, honorably, hold your place a single day. There is only one safe step, and that is to resign."

"But the loose way in which I held office will be exposed to my successor."

"That is not the question to consider, Judge—but the right. Still, so far as this fear is concerned, don't let it trouble you. The choice of successor will fall upon some one quite as facile to the wishes of Ralph Dewey & Company, as you have been."

The good counsels of Mr. Wallingford prevailed. At the next meeting of the Board of Directors, the resignation of Judge Bigelow was presented. Dewey had been notified two days before of what was coming, and was prepared for it. He moved, promptly, that the resignation be accepted. As soon as the motion was carried, he offered the name of Joshua Kling, the present Cashier, for the consideration of the Board, and urged his remarkable fitness. Of course, Mr. Joshua Kling was elected; and his place filled by one of the tellers. To complete the work, strong complimentary resolutions, in which deep regret at the resignation of Judge Bigelow was expressed, were passed by the Board. In the next week's paper the following notice of his change in the officers of the Bank appeared.

"Resignation of Judge Bigelow.—In consequence of the pressure of professional engagements, our highly esteemed citizen, Judge Bigelow, has found it necessary to give up the office of President in the Clinton Bank, which he has held with so much honor to himself since the institution commenced business. He is succeed by Joshua Kling, Esq., late Cashier; a gentleman peculiarly well-fitted for the position to which he has been elevated. Harvey Weems, the First Teller, takes the place of Cahier. A better selection, it would be impossible to make. From the beginning, the affairs of this bank have been managed with great prudence, and it is justly regarded as one of the soundest in the State."

"My der friend," said the grateful Judge, grasping the hand of Wallingford, who called his attention to this notice, "what a world of responsibility you have helped me to cast from my shoulders! I am to-day a happier man than I have been for years. The new President is welcome to all the honor his higher position may reflect upon him."

"The next work in order," remarked the Judge's clear-headed, resolute friend, "is to withdraw your investments from the cotton mills. That will be a slower, and more difficult operation; but it must be done, even at a sacrifice. Better have fifty thousand dollars in solid real estate, than a hundred thousand in that concern."

And so this further disentanglement was commenced.

Winter having passed away, Mr. Dewey saw it expedient to retire from the Allen House. By this time nothing more was heard of his Italian Villa. He had something else to occupy his thoughts. As there was no house to be rented in S——, that in any way corresponded with his ideas, he stored his furniture, and took board at the new hotel which had lately been erected.

Mr. Wallingford now made preparations for removing to the old mansion, which was still the handsomest place, by all odds, in our town.

One day, early in the summer, I received a note from Mr. Wallingford, asking me to call around at Ivy Cottage in the evening. At the bottom of the note, was a pencilled line from his wife to Constance, asking the pleasure of seeing her also. We went after tea.

"Come with me to the library, Doctor!" said my excellent friend, soon after our arrival. "I want to have a little talk with you."

So we left the ladies and retired to the library.

"My business with you to-night," said he, as we seated ourselves, facing each other, on opposite sides of the library-table, "is to get at some adjustment of affairs between us, as touching your executorship of the Allen estate. I have asked two or three times for your bills against the estate, but you have always put me off. Mr. Wilkinson, on the contrary, rendered an account for services, which has been allowed and settled."

"The business required so little attention on my part," I replied to this, "that I have never felt that I could, in conscience, render an account. And besides, it was with me so much a labor of love, that I did not wish to mar the pleasure I felt by overlaying it with a compensation.'

"No man could possibly feel more deeply your generous good will toward me and mine—manifested from the beginning until now—than I do Doctor. But I cannot permit the obligation to rest all on one side."

He pulled out a drawer of the library-table, as he said this, and taking therefrom a broad parchment document, laid it down, and while his hand rested upon it continued—

"Anticipating that, as heretofore, I might not be able to get your figures, I have taken the matter into my own hands, and fixed the amount of compensation—subject, of course, to objections on your part, if I have made the award too low. These papers are the title deeds of Ivy Cottage, executed in your favor. There are memories and associations connected with this dear spot, which must forever be sacred in the hearts of myself and wife; and it would pain us to see it desecrated by strangers. In equity and love, then, we pass it over to you and yours; and may God give you as much happiness beneath its roof as we have known."

Surprise kept me silent for some time. But as soon as my thoughts ran free, I answered—

"No—no, Mr. Wallingford. This is fixing the sum entirely beyond a fair estimate. I cannot for a moment—"

He stopped me before I could finish the sentence.

"Doctor!" He spoke with earnestness and deep feeling. "There is no living man to whom I am so heavily indebted as I am to you. Not until after my marriage was I aware that your favorable word, given without qualification, bore me into the confidence of Mrs. Montgomery, and thus opened the way for me to happiness and fortune. My good Blanche has often repeated to me the language you once used in my favor, and which awakened in her mind an interest which gradually deepened into love. My heart moves towards you, Doctor, and you must let its impulses have way in this small matter. Do not feel it as an obligation. That is all on our side. We cannot let Ivy Cottage go entirely out of the family. We wish to have as much property in it as the pilgrim has in Mecca. We must visit it sometimes, and feel always that its chambers are the abodes of peace and love. A kind Providence has given us of this world's goods an abundance. We did not even have to lift our hands to the ripe clusters. They fell into our laps. And now, if, from our plenty, we take a small portion and discharge a debt, will you push aside the offering, and say No? Doctor, this must not be!"

Again I essayed objection; but all was in vain. Ivy Cottage was to be our pleasant home. When, on returning with Constance, I related to her what had passed between Mr. Wallingford and myself, she was affected to tears.

"If I have ever had a covetous thought," she said, "it has been when I looked at Ivy Cottage. And to think it is to be mine! The sweetest, dearest spot in S——!"

There was no putting aside this good fortune. It came, in such a shape, that we could not refuse it without doing violence to the feelings of true-hearted friends. And so, when they removed to their new home, we passed to Ivy Cottage.

The two years that followed were marked by no events of striking interest. The affairs of Judge Bigelow continued to assume a better shape, under the persistent direction of Mr. Wallingford, until every dollar which he had invested in the cotton mills was withdrawn and placed in real estate, or sound securities. Long before this there had come an open rupture between the old man and his nephew; but the Judge had seen his real character in so clear a light that friendship was no longer desirable.

CHAPTER XXX.

And now we have come down to the memorable summer and fall of 1857. No gathering clouds, no far-distant, low-voiced thunder gave warning of an approaching storm. The sky was clear, and the sun of prosperity moving onward in his strength, when, suddenly, from the West came a quick flash and an ominous roll of thunder. Men paused, looked at each other, and asked what it meant. Here and there a note of warning was sounded; but, if heeded by any, it came too late. There followed a brief pause, in which people held their breaths. Then came another flash, and another rattling peal. Heavy clouds began to roll up from the horizon; and soon the whole sky was dark. Pale face looked into face, and tremulous voices asked as to what was coming. Fear and consternation were in all hearts. It was too late for any to seek refuge or shelter. Ere the startled multitudes had stirred from their first surprised position the tempest came down in its fury, sweeping, tornado-like, from West to East, and then in one grand gyration circling the whole horizon. Men lost courage, confidence, and hope. They stood still while the storm beat down, and the fearful work of destruction went on.

No commercial disaster like this had ever before visited our country. Houses that stood unmoved through many fierce convulsions went down like brittle reeds, and old Corporations which were thought to be as immovable as the hills tottered and fell, crushing hundreds amid their gigantic ruins.

Among the first to yield was the greatly extended house of Floyd, Lawson, Lee & Co. The news came up on the wires to S——, with orders to stop the mills and discharge all hands. This was the bursting of the tempest on our town. Mr. Dewey had gone to New York on the first sign of approaching trouble, and his return was looked for anxiously by all with whom he was deeply interested in business. But many days passed, and none saw him, or heard from him. Failing to receive any communication, Squire Floyd, who had everything involved, went down to New York. I saw him on the morning of his return. He looked ten years older.

It was soon whispered about that the failure of Floyd, Lawson, Lee & Co. was a bad one. Then came intimations that Mr. Dewey was not in New York, and that his partners, when questioned about him, gave very unsatisfactory replies.

"Have you any notes of the Clinton Bank, Doctor?" said a friend whom I met in the street. "Because, if you have, take my advice and get rid of them as quickly as possible. A run has commenced, and it's my opinion that the institution will not stand for forty-eight hours."

It stood just forty-eight hours from the date of this prophecy, and then closed its doors, leaving our neighborhood poorer by the disaster over two hundred thousand dollars. There was scarcely a struggle in dying, for the institution had suffered such an exhausting depletion that when its extremity came it passed from existence without a throe. A Receiver was immediately appointed, and the assets examined. These consisted, mainly, of bills receivable under discount, not probably worth now ten cents on the dollar. Three-fourths of this paper was drawn or endorsed by New York firms or individuals, most of whom had already failed. The personal account of Ralph Dewey showed him to be debtor to the Bank in the sum of nearly a hundred thousand dollars. The President, Joshua Kling, had not been seen since the evening of the day on which the doors of the Clinton Bank were shut, never to be opened for business again. His accounts were all in confusion. The Cashier, who had succeeded him on his elevation to the Presi-

dency of the institution, was a mere creature in his hands; and from his revelations it was plain that robbery had been progressing for some time on a grand scale.

As soon as these disastrous facts became known to the heaviest sufferers in S———, the proper affidavits were made out, and requisitions obtained for both Dewey and Kling, as defaulters and fugitives from justice. The Sheriff of our county, charged with the duty of arrest, proceeded forthwith to New York, and, engaging the services of detectives there, began the search for Dewey, who, it was believed, had not left that city. He was discovered, in a week, after having dexterously eluded pursuit, on the eve of departure for England, disguised, and under an assumed name. His next appearance in S———, was a prisoner in the hands of our Sheriff, who lodged him in jail. Very heavy bonds being required for his appearance at court, there was not found among us any one willing to take the risk, who was qualified to become his surety. And so the wretched man was compelled to lie in prison until the day of trial.

Immediately on his incarceration, he sent for Mr. Wallingford, who visited him without delay. He found him a shrinking, cowed, and frightened culprit; not a man, conscious of rectitude, and, therefore, firm in bearing, though in a false and dangerous position.

"This is a bad business, Mr. Wallingford," he said, on meeting the lawyer. "A very bad business; and I have sent for you as a professional gentleman of standing and ability, in order to have a consultation in regard to my position—in fact, to place myself wholly in your hands. I must have the best counsel, and therefore take the earliest opportunity to secure your valuable services. Will you undertake my case?"

"That will depend, Mr. Dewey," was answered, "entirely upon how it stands. If you are falsely accused, and can demonstrate to me your innocence, I will defend you to the utmost of my ability, battling your accusers to the last. But, if, on the contrary, you cannot show clean hands, I am not the one to undertake your case."

Dewey looked at Mr. Wallingford strangely. He scarcely comprehended him.

"I may have committed mistakes—all men are liable to error," he replied.

"Mistake is one thing, Mr. Dewey, and may be explained;—Fraud is another thing, and cannot be explained to mean anything else. What I want you to understand, distinctly, is this: If your connexion with the Clinton Bank has been from the beginning, just and honorable, however much it may now seem to be otherwise—I will undertake your case, and conduct it, I care not through how great difficulties, to a favorable issue. But, if it has not been—and you know how it stands—do not commit your fate to me, for I will abandon you the moment I discover that you have been guilty of deliberate wrong to others."

The countenance of Mr. Dewey fell, and he seemed to shudder back into himself. For some time he was silent.

"If there is a foregone conclusion in your mind, that settles the matter," he said, at length, in a disappointed tone.

"All I ask is clear evidence, Mr. Dewey. Foregone conclusions have nothing to do with the matter," replied Mr. Wallingford. "If you know yourself to be innocent, you may trust yourself in my hands; if not, I counsel you to look beyond me to some other man."

"All men are liable to do wrong, Mr. Wallingford; and religion teaches that the door of repentance is open to every one."

"True, but the just punishment of wrong is always needed for a salutary repentance. The contrition that springs from fear of consequences, is not genuine repentance. If you have done wrong, you must take the penalty in some shape, and I am not the man knowingly to stay the just progression of either moral or civil law."

"Will you accept a retaining fee, even if not active in my case?" asked Mr. Dewey.

"No," was the emphatic answer.

A dark, despairing shadow fell over the miserable man's face, and he turned himself away from the only being towards whom he had looked with any hope in this great extremity of his life.

Mr. Wallingford retired with pity in his heart. The spectacle was one of the most painful he had ever witnessed. How was the mighty fallen!—the proud brought low! As he walked from the prison, the Psalmist's striking words passed through his mind—"I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree; yet he passed away, and lo, he was not."

When the day of trial came, Mr. Wallingford appeared as counsel for the creditors of the Clinton Bank, on the side of the prosecution. He did not show any eagerness to gain his case against the prisoner; but the facts were so strong, and all the links in the chain of evidence so clear, that conviction was inevitable. A series of frauds and robberies was exposed, that filled the community with surprise and indignation; and when the jury, after a brief consultation, brought in a verdict of guilty, the expression of delight was general. Detestation of the man's crimes, took away all pity from the common sentiment in regard to him. A sentence of five years' expiation in the State prison closed the career of Ralph Dewey in S———, and all men said: "The retribution is just."

Squire Floyd lost everything, and narrowly escaped the charge of complicity with Dewey. Nothing but the fact of their known antagonism for some two or three years, turned the public mind in his favor, and enabled him to show that what appeared collusion, was only, so far as he was concerned, fair business operations. With the wreck of his fortune he came very near making also a wreck of his good name. Even as it was, there were some in S——— who thought the Squire had, in some things, gone far beyond the rule of strict integrity.

Judge Bigelow, thanks to the timely and resolute intervention of Mr. Wallingford, stood far away from the crashing wrecks, when the storm swept down in fearful devastation. It raged around, but did not touch him; for he was safely sheltered, and beyond its reach.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Two years have passed since these disastrous events; and twenty years since the opening of our story. The causes at work in the beginning, have wrought out their legitimate effects—the tree has ripened its fruits—the harvest has been gathered. The quiet of olden time has fallen upon S———. It was only a week ago that steps were taken to set the long silent mills in motion. A company, formed in Boston, has purchased the lower mill, and rented from Mr. Wallingford the upper one, which was built on the Allen estate. Squire Floyd, I learn, is to be the manager here for the company. I am glad of this. Poor man! He was stripped of everything, and has been, for the past two years, in destitute circumstances. How he has contrived to live, is almost a mystery. The elegant house which he had built for himself was taken and sold by creditors, with the furniture, plate and all that pertaining thereto, and, broken-spirited, he retired to a small tenement on the outskirts of the town, where he has since lived. His unhappy daughter, with her two children, are with him. Her son, old enough to be put to some business, she has placed in a store, where he is earning enough to pay his board; while she and her daughter take in what sewing they can obtain, in order to lessen, as far as possible, the burden of their maintenance. As for her that the father of those children could be a convicted felon!

I move about through S——— on my round of duties, and daily there comes to me some reminder of the events and changes of twenty years. I see, here and there, a stranded wreck, and think how proudly the vessel spread her white sails in the wind a few short years gone by, freighted with golden hopes. But where are those treasures now? Lost, lost forever in the fathomless sea!

Twenty years ago and now! As a man soweth, even so shall he reap. The spring-time loses itself in luxuriant summer, and autumn follows with the sure result. If the seed has been good, the fruit will be good; but if man have sown only tares in his fields, he must reap in sorrow and not in joy. There is no exception to the rule. A bramble bush can no more bear grapes than a selfish and evil life can produce happiness. The one is a natural and the other a spiritual impossibility.

A few days ago, as I was riding along on a visit to one of my patients, I met Mr. and Mrs. Wallingford with two of their children, driving out in their carriage. They stopped, and we were passing a few pleasant words, when there came by two persons, plainly, almost coarsely dressed—a mother and her daughter. Both had bundles in their hands. On the mother's face a veil was drawn, and she passed, with evidently quickening steps she turned herself partly away. The daughter looked at us steadily from her calm blue eyes, in which you saw a shade of sadness, as though already many hopes had failed. Her face was pale and placid, but touched you with its expression of half-concealed suffering; and if, young as she was, some lessons of pain and endurance had already been learned.

"Who are they?" asked Mrs. Wallingford.

"Delia Floyd and her daughter," said I.

No remark was made. If my ear did not deceive me, I heard a faint sigh pass the lips of Mr. Wallingford.

I spoke to my horse, and, bowing mutually, we passed on our ways.

"Twenty years ago and now!" said I to myself, falling into a sober mood, as thought went back to the sweet, fragrant morning of Delia's life, and I saw it in contrast with this dreary autumn. "If the young would only take a lesson like this to heart!"

In the evening Mr. Wallingford called to see me.

"I have not been able all day," said he, "to get the image of that poor woman and her daughter out of my mind. What are their circumstances, Doctor?"

"They live with Squire Floyd," I answered, "and he is very poor. I think Delia and her daughter support themselves by their needles."

"What a fall!" he said, with pity in his tones.

"Yes, it was a sad fall—sad, but salutary, I trust."

"How was she after her separation from Mr. Dewey?"

"Very bitter and rebellious for a time. His marriage seemed to arouse every evil passion of her nature. I almost shuddered to hear the maledictions she called down upon the head of his wife one day, when she rode by in the elegant equipage of which she had once been the proud owner. She fairly trembled with rage. Since then, the discipline of the inevitable in life has done its better work. She has grown subdued and patient, and is doing all a mother in such narrow circumstances can do for her children."

"What of Dewey's second wife?" asked Mr. Wallingford.

"She has applied for a divorce from him on the ground that he is a convicted felon, and will get a decree in her favor, without doubt."

"What a history!" he exclaimed. Then, after a pause, he asked:

"Cannot something be done for Mr. Floyd?"

"I have understood," said I, "that the company about to start the mills again have engaged him as manager."

"Is that so? Just what I was thinking," he replied with animation. "I must look after that matter and see that it does not fall through."

And he was in this, as in all things, as good as his word. It needed only a favorable intimation from him to decide the Company to place their works in the hands of Squire Floyd, who was a man of skill and experience in manufacturing, and one in whose integrity the fullest confidence might be reposed.

A month has passed, and Squire Floyd, engaged at a salary of two thousand dollars a year, is again at the mills, busy in superintending repairs, improvements, and additions. A few more weeks, and the rattle of industry will commence, and the old aspect of things show itself in S———. May the new mill owners be wiser than their predecessors.

Squire Floyd has removed from the poor tenement, lately the home of his depressed family, and is back in the pleasant homestead he abandoned years ago, when pride and ambition impelled him to put on a grander exterior. It is understood that the Company have bought the house, and rent it to him at a very moderate price. My own impression is, that Mr. Wallingford has more to do in the matter than people imagine. I am strengthened in this view from the fact of having seen Mrs. Wallingford call at the Squire's twice during the past week. They are in good hands, and I see a better future in store for them.

And now, reader, you have the story I wished to tell. It is full of suggestion to all who are starting forth upon life's perilous journey. Let truth, honor, integrity, and humanity, govern all your actions. Do not make haste to be rich, lest you fall into divers temptations. Keep always close to the right; and always bear in mind that no wrong is ever done that does not, sooner or later, return upon the wrong-doer.

And above all, gentle maiden, be not dazzled by the condition or prospect of any who seek your hand. Look away, down, deeply into the character, disposition, and quality; and if these are not of good seeming, shun the proffered alliance as you would death. Better, a thousand times, pass through life alone than wed yourself to inevitable misery. So heeding the moralist, you will not, in the harvest time which comes to all, look in despair over your barren fields, but find them golden with Autumn's treasures, that shall fill your granaries and crown your latter days with blessing.

[THE END.]

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMB'R 24, 1859.

TERMS, PREMIUMS, &c.

The Terms of THE POST are $2 a-year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. ☞ The FIRST YEAR'S subscription must always be paid IN ADVANCE. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

One Copy, and both Engravings of Niagara Falls,	$3,00
One Copy of THE POST and one of Arthur's Home Magazine,	3,00
One Copy of THE POST and one of Godey's Lady's Book,	3,50
Two Copies of THE POST,	3,00
Four " (and one engraving of Niagara Falls)	$5,00
Eight " (and one paper to getter up of Club,)	10,00
Thirteen (and one paper to getter up of Club,)	15,00
Twenty (and one paper to getter up of Club.)	20,00
Thirty (and one paper extra, and both engravings of Niagara Falls)	30,00

☞ Those who send clubs of *eight, thirteen,* or *twenty* names, can have either an extra paper, as mentioned above, or both the engravings of Niagara Falls, as they may prefer.

The NIAGARA FALLS ENGRAVINGS are large and handsome steel engravings—the same that are advertised by Mr. Butler in our advertising columns at five dollars for the pair. The postage will be prepaid on the engravings.

A Beautiful Premium also to Every Subscriber. "THE SPEAKING LIKENESS," a large and beautiful *steel* engraving, will be sent to EVERY subscriber to THE POST for 1860, who incloses to us 25 cents to pay the cost of postage, mailing, &c. The cost of this engraving in the stores is Four Dollars! It is a gem.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price of the paper, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 122 South Third St., Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

THE FOREIGN NEWS.—The arrival of the North American brings the foreign news up to the 8th inst. For several weeks past, the news from Europe has been singularly unimportant, and that brought by the North American is of little more interest than usual. The approaching Congress furnishes the principal subject matter for the editorials of the European press, and Lord Cowley, who is already in Paris, will represent England in that important assembly, which will meet on the 5th of January.

What said Congress will do, or when it will close its sittings, are matters wrapped in considerable obscurity. That its action will be favorable to the cause of Italian unity and independence, there is much reason to hope. Russia, which has no great love for freedom, but whose hereditary policy it is to weaken Austria and Germany, as preparatory steps to their conquest and annexation, probably will unite with England in demanding justice for Italy. What France wants, and what France will do, will probably appear in the course of the deliberations.

The accounts from the scene of war between Spain and Morocco, are favorable to the Spaniards. The justice of this war is not very apparent at the distance of three thousand miles. Spain seems to have been determined upon fighting, with cause or without cause. If this be so, we must confess that we shall have very little sympathy for her. Every unjust war waged by a Christian nation upon a heathen one, is calculated in our opinion to retard the progress of true Christianity. Whether it be a war of English upon Chinese, French upon Cochin Chinese, Spaniards upon Moors, or Americans upon the Aborigines of this Continent—if the war be unjust, simply a giant's use of a giant's strength, for purposes of plunder—its effect is to render the name of Christian odious among the heathen, and put an effectual block in the way of the missionary of the Cross.

RIDDLES, &c.—The editor of our Riddler Department informs us that the stock of Enigmas, Charades, Conundrums, &c., is getting rather low. If the admirers of that Department of THE POST wish it well kept up, they must keep us fully supplied with carefully prepared matter, from which we can select the best for publication.

☞ M. L., of Ravenna, Ohio, says, in writing for "The Speaking Likeness": "The Views of Niagara have given so much satisfaction, that we are anxious to have all the good things offered."

"THE SPEAKING LIKENESS."

To show what is thought of our Premium Engraving, we may be allowed to quote some testimony recently received. The editor of a Georgia contemporary, to whom we sent one of these engravings, writes us as follows:

We received your magnificent engraving this morning, and are so much taken up with it, that I send you 25 cents to pay postage, &c., on another, if you will send it to me. There are two of us, and we should like to have one apiece. My brother so much admired the engraving that I let him take it.

From our exchanges, we take the following notices of this engraving:

We have received a beautiful engraving 17 by 22 inches, entitled "The Speaking Likeness," from the enterprising publishers of the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post. *It is an expressive picture, and a valuable acquisition to the drawing-room.—Mayville (N. Y.) Sentinel.*

The publishers of *The Saturday Evening Post*, Messrs. Deacon & Peterson, will accept our thanks for a splendid engraving entitled "The Speaking Likeness."—*Fonda (N. Y.) Democrat.*

A FINE PICTURE.—We are indebted to Messrs. Deacon & Peterson for a copy of a beautiful steel engraving, entitled "The Speaking Likeness."—*Orleans Republican.*

We acknowledge the receipt of a beautiful premium—"The Speaking Likeness," from Deacon & Peterson. The publishers of the Post will please accept our thanks. The Post is one of the oldest and best conducted weeklies in the United States, and has an array of talented contributors.—*Brockport Daily Advertiser.*

The *Philadelphia Saturday Post* advertises the elegant steel engraving, "A Speaking Likeness," as a present to each subscriber who shall send the subscription price of the paper, and 25 cents additional, for expenses in mailing, postage, etc. The retail price of the engraving is four dollars. The *Post* is, besides, as we have said to our readers before, the best literary newspaper in the country.—*Roxbury (Mass.) Journal.*

We acknowledge the reception of a beautiful engraving from the proprietors of the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post, called "The Speaking Likeness." It is offered as a premium to every subscriber of that paper. The Post is an excellent paper of its class.—*Baltimore Methodist Protestant.*

Do you want a beautiful steel engraving, wherewith to decorate your parlor? You can obtain one, large as half size of our paper, entitled the "Speaking Likeness," a gift to all who subscribe for the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post. Send 25 cents to prepay postage on the picture. We have received our copy of the engraving, being one of the Post's standing subscribers, and pronounce it a handsome picture.—*Warren Democrat.*

THE "SPEAKING LIKENESS."—The *Camden Journal* says of our Premium engraving for 1860:—"This steel engraving, which is 17 by 22 inches in size, is *certainly the most beautiful picture that has been printed for many years.* THE POST is the best family paper in the country."

NOT BAD.—An author complains to us that the flash papers sacrifice everything to what they call "thrilling interest," which our author says, "consists in making each separate chapter a complete arsenal of dagger points, dripping blood, with exploding powder casks beclouding the sky and falling again in blackened missiles of oaths and street slang."

LOVE ME LAST.—The *Home Journal* is respectfully informed that the poem "Love Me Last," should have been credited to this paper. The authorship also should have been credited to Florence Percy

CLUBS.—In answer to a correspondent we may say, that we do not "*insist*" upon all the papers for a club being sent to one post-office—of course, we always *prefer* it.

☞ A correspondent asks what causes and cures the disease in fowls, called "Blue Comb." Can any one tell him?

ANOTHER POEM BY TENNYSON.—Here is a companion poem to the "Form, Form, Riflemen Form," which was parodied so extensively some months back:—

DEFENCE, NOT DEFIANCE.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Nearer the muttering thunders roll,
Blacker and heavier frowns the sky—
Yet our dauntless English soul
Faces the storm with a steady eye;
Hands are strong where hearts are stout,
Our rifles are ready—look out!

No one wishes the storm to roll here,
No one cares such a devil to raise:
And in brotherhood, not in fear,
Only for peace an Englishman prays;
Yet he may shout in the midst of the rout,
Our rifles are ready—look out!

Keep to your own, like an honest man,
And here's our hand, and here's our heart;
Let the world see how wisely you can
Play to the end a right neighborly part;
But if mischief is creeping about,
Our rifles are ready—look out!

No defiance is on our lips,
Nothing but kindliness greets you here;
Still in the storm our dolphin ships
Round the Eddystone dart and steer;
And on shore—no doubt, no doubt—
Our rifles are ready—look out!

Not defiance, but only defence,
Hold we forth for humanity's sake;
And, with the help of Omnipotence,
We shall stand when the mountains quake;
Only in Him our hearts are stout;
Our rifles are ready—look out.

☞ A country dominie had a hundred boys and no assistant. "I wonder how you manage them," said a friend, "without help." "Ah," was his answer, "I could manage the hundred boys well enough; it's the two hundred parents that trouble me—there's no managing *them*."

☞ M. Ostewald, the French banker, who died in 1790 worth one hundred and thirty thousand pounds, first began to make his fortune by carrying home from a tavern every night, all the bottle-corks he could collect, and after continuing this during eight years, he sold the collection for twelve louis-d'ors.

☞ A man who had made a fortune by industry and close economy in a retail business, at length retired from his own trade, and turned bill-discounter. One day, in midsummer, a friend happened to say to him, "How pleasant it is to have such long bright days." "Why, y-e-s," replied he, "but these long days the interest comes in so slow."

New Publications.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

Our readers remember the politics of Mrs. Browning's late poem—"A Tale of Villafranca." Louis Napoleon, a good man, tried to liberate Italy, and the despots of Europe, bad men, interfered and prevented him. So ran the argument. The prose side of the poetical statement may be found in a new work by Mr. FRANCIS J. GRUND, entitled THOUGHTS AND REFLECTIONS ON THE PRESENT CONDITION OF EUROPE, AND ITS PROBABLE CONSEQUENCES TO THE UNITED STATES. (Childs & Peterson, Philadelphia.) According to Mr. Grund, Louis Napoleon is not the vulgar tyrant—the hoofed and horned Satan of Continental politics, so many of us have supposed—but, on the contrary, a great man who understands his epoch, a wise man who aims to effect the political regeneration of Europe, and in all respects, a true soldier of civilization. In a word, Louis Napoleon, as he has depicted himself and his designs in the book he wrote in his early manhood at Brussels, entitled—"Napoleonic Ideas"—is the Louis Napoleon Mr. Grund conceives. The policy he aims to crush is the Austrian, exemplified in Metternich, a man whose idea of government was a military despotism, and whose life was given to staving off the claims of liberty and justice. "If I could have my wish," says the Italian patriot in Robert Browning's poem—

> "I would clasp Metternich until
> I felt his wet red throat distil
> In blood through my two hands!"

So far as Italy is concerned, such a wish has been Metternich's will. His iron hands have long clutched the throat of Italy. Now, this misgovernment and tyranny Louis Napoleon, Mr. Grund claims, has put an end to, as far as possible. He has broken the sceptre of Austria in the Italian States. He only paused at Villafranca, because, had he proceeded one step further, he would have been attacked by a coalition which might have ruined him. But he had done enough for a beginning. Magenta and Solferino reduced Austrian influence in Italy to that of a member of the Italian Confederation, rescued Lombardy and delivered Piedmont. Louis Napoleon, it is true, has not done all he promised and wished to do; but he has done all he could do *at present*, and clearly, Mr. Grund says, Italy has gained by his action. The Papal States are still suffering from temporal misgovernment, but is not the French Emperor patiently urging reforms?—Italy is not to be regenerated in a day, nor in a year, but still, Mr. Grund thinks, slowly and steadily the French Emperor is accomplishing in reality the bright vision which has long lighted the sad trance of Mazzini.

We hope so. Our own views on these matters we have given before. These are Mr. Grund's—though we have only given a bare hint of them. To present an abstract of his work would be a task of no slight difficulty. Meat, the nutriment of a pound of which chemical art packs into the bulk of an ounce, is called pemmican. Mr. Grund's book is the pemmican of Continental history. It is not too much to say that in the masterly sketch of the condition of Europe which these two hundred and fifty pages contain, there is condensed the political history of ten European centuries. In this brief notice we have dwelt only on a single point—the Italian imbroglio; but the book unravels the complicated threads of the present European crisis, and tells with bold clear strokes the whole story of the designs, relations, operations and attitudes of the several European Powers. We doubt if a better idea of the state of foreign affairs can be gathered from any other volume.

Wonders will never cease! Here is that veteran JOHN NEAL, self-suppressed so long, flowering out again like an American aloe, with a new story, entitled TRUE WOMANHOOD, (Ticknor & Fields, Boston,) which is quite as eccentric and quite as powerful as anything he ever put forth. Mr. Neal's general idea, as he states it, is, that women have souls, that they have a right to think and act for themselves, and that marriage is not always the best thing, nor the one thing needful for them; and in support of these novel views, every one of which is flat heresy to somebody, his story is composed. Julia Parry, the heroine, illustrates True Womanhood, and puts the capstone on her general heroism, first, by refusing one lover, Mr. Fay, because his religious views are not the same as hers, and, secondly, by refusing to marry her cousin because he is her cousin, and marriage between blood relations is wrong! It is difficult, of course, if not impossible, to dissent from the lady's course—at least, on moral grounds; and yet, though the reader sees that she is noble in doing what she thinks *right*, he can hardly fail to be excessively amused at this queer termination of affairs. All through the book, in fact, there is a flavor of oddity which provokes mirth, despite the great power and interest which hold one everywhere. The positions assumed, are, we must think, extremely questionable from social and scientific standpoints. But we will not discuss them here. Undoubtedly the work will be popular, since it is written in the interest of womankind, strongly favors the revivals, does justice to the Quakers, and has "as good a plot as ever was laid," not to mention a court-room scene as true to the life as ever was painted.

☞ A clergyman and one of his elderly parishioners were walking home from church one icy day last winter, when the old gentleman slipped and fell flat on his back. The minister, looking at him a moment, and being assured that he was not much hurt, said to him, "Sinners stand on slippery places." The old gentleman looked up, as if to assure himself of the fact, and said, "I see they do; but I can't."

☞ Do good to others—it will come back to you. The water which you pour on the roots of the cocoa-nut tree comes back to you sweetened from the top.—*Hindoo Maxim.*

☞ The great Brahmin writer, Manu, (who inculcates personal cleanliness and says a man should bathe twice a day and wash the mouth seven times,) declares, as a solemn truth of Nature, that a *woman's mouth is always clean!*

THE CAUSE OF THE PRAIRIES.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Mr. Editor:—I presume from your inquiry in THE POST of Nov. 19th, that an answer would not be amiss (though it might not emanate from a higher source than a Michigan farmer), in relation to the cause of our extensive Western Prairies. Although a Smithsonian savan might not consider the theory or opinion of an uneducated tiller of the soil of much account, yet facts and observation combined, may be of as much service to mankind as undemonstrable theories.

I have been for the last fourteen years a resident of Michigan, and can assert, as far as experience will go for testimony, that this Western region is not often lacking for moisture, though the Gulf of Mexico may not be our chief reservoir for rain-water.

Whoever travels across our prairies in the spring and fall (the seasons when we commonly look for our principal falls of rain), and finds himself up to his knees in the deep, black and rich soil, would not doubt at least that there had been certainly a smart shower. But to the question. Let facts suffice. Prairies, in almost all instances, are higher ground than the surrounding country, and vary greatly in their soils and subsoils; yet none of them but retain a sufficient amount of moisture to perfect their crops of corn and wheat, as well as, and in most cases better, than the surrounding country bordering them, which consists, in many instances, of tracts of heavy timbered land and oak openings, that require more hard labor to clear than a novice in such matters would expect, and surely indicate the presence of plenty of moisture. It is no uncommon thing to hear of the delay of planting and sowing spring crops, damage done to wheat in harvest time, &c., &c., on account of late and long rains, as often from our extensive Western prairies as the more favored Eastern and Southern regions. Surely, the cause lies not here. But again: Whenever settlers plant fruit or forest trees, sow the seed of Black or Honey Locust, for fencing or other purposes, no complaint will be made for want of growth; for in no region of old earth, save the tropical, does wood make a greater or more luxuriant growth. Theory thus fails to overthrow facts.

It is well known that if one kind of grain be sown on the same field for a long term of years, without returning to the soil ingredients to supply the constant drain attending such process, the husbandman may look in vain for a reward for his toil; yet if a change of grain be made, the soil soon shows that its vitality is not exhausted. One thing is sure: small things always indicate the possibility of greater.

Change, progressive change, is written upon the face of all nature; and he that will may read. Go into the pine forests, and clear away the timber, and does pine succeed pine in all cases? No. Why not? Simply because the properties producing pine are exhausted, and a change of timber is required. Chestnut follows.

But I may be accused of giving assertions, not facts. A friend of the writer, several years since, who was engaged in lumbering, in Allegheny Co., N. Y., in the pine forest some four miles from any improvement, informs me that in the spring following his first winter's labor there, the young chestnut timber made its appearance (to use his own expression, "as thick as hair on a dog,") and before the winter of the second year, had attained the size of large handspikes, from three to four inches in diameter. Now, a nut-bearing chestnut was not known for miles around. I have seen in the State of New York, in the county where I was born, what were once cedar swamps, with a few old decaying trees remaining amid dense growths of young elm, beech and maple, where, according to my father's account, cedar was the only timber seventy years before.

In the same county, on soils adapted to them, now remains occasionally an aged chestnut—oak and hickory being the prevailing timbers. What will follow next, time alone will determine.

But to come back to our timber-destitute prairies. In some sections, where the plough has not turned the soil, patches of willow and hazel-brush present themselves, two shrubs which all know require some moisture; showing, to say the least, that all the qualities requisite to produce native timber are not exhausted, and that the region is not deprived of its fair share of rain. But to conclude, lest I weary the patience of your numerous readers—from facts and observation, let me now give my conclusion, or, if you please, theory. The Western prairies, from their appearance, indicate an exhaustion of forest-timber-bearing qualities, and do or have demanded rest. So that, not from the absence of sufficient rain, to induce or promote the growth of forests, but to simply the need of *rest on a large scale*, is the absence of forests to be attributed.

A WESTERN PLOUGHMAN.

Bedford, Calhoun Co., Mich.

☞ THE OMEN FULFILLED.—The handsome housekeeper of a Wensleydale farmer was tripping up stairs, when she slipped her foot and fell. "Hollos!" cries her master, "have you fallen, Mary? That's a sign of a husband." "So it is," says winsome Mary, laughing as she gathered herself up; "and I'm sure I can't think who it's to be, unless it's *you*, master." "Well! *let* it be me!" was the response; and as Mary had no objection, the omen was fulfilled. Nor had either Mary or her mate reason to regret, ever after, the fall on the stairs.—*Gateshead Observer.*

☞ A young lady of New Orleans, who recently performed a remarkable feat in rowing, has been presented with a beautiful yawl. A *smack* would have been more appropriate.

☞ BOLD ASSERTION.—Since it has become the fashion for men to confess their past errors very freely in books, it is boldly asserted that there is no material difference between an autobiography and a *naughty* biography.

☞ An Irish waiter once complimented a salmon in the following manner:—"Faith it's not two hours since that fish was walking round his estate wid his hands in his pockets, never dreaming what a pretty invitashun he'd have to jine you gentlemen at dinner."

LETTER FROM PARIS.

SHORTCOMINGS OF OMNIBUSES—HOUSEKEEPING TROUBLES—MAKING HASTE TO BE RICH—A SUCCESSFUL PHYSICIAN.

PARIS, NOV. 24, 1859.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The public of Paris—that portion of it, at least, which does not possess carriages of its own—is much exercised in spirit by the announcement of the proprietors of the omnibusses touching their intentions for the coming year. The number of omnibusses here is altogether inadequate to the wants of the public; and for a year and a half past it has been almost impossible to find a place at any of the intermediate stations after ten or eleven o'clock in the morning, unless you have a stock of patience that enable you to wait for an hour or so for the chance of getting a seat at last. Impatient and excited crowds are to be seen at all the correspondence stations, where, on quitting one omnibus in the hope of finishing your journey in another, you often receive a ticket for the 100th or even the 150th place! In disgust you throw up your number, doing the rest of the distance on foot, or calling a cab, as the case may be; and not only are the stations filled to overflowing, but the omnibus as it rolls on its way, is hailed by a dozen or twenty people waiting in the streets in the vain hope of being able to find a seat. Instead of adding a number of additional omnibusses to the various lines, and thus at once satisfying the public, and putting money into their own pockets, the company has decided on suppressing the correspondence, while maintaining the present charge of six *sous* for each inside place. After the 31st of next month, therefore, the price of omnibus accommodation for Paris will thus be virtually doubled for the large majority, whose business calls them to parts of the city not to be reached by the aid of a single line of omnibusses. The system of graduated charges, according to distance, which works so well for all parties in London, does not seem to have entered the heads of the company over here; and as the removal of the boundaries of Paris to the fortifications, which will occur on the first of the coming January, will enormously increase the circumference of the city, and the amount of transit going on between the centre and the suburban localities, while the contemplated increase in the number of omnibuses is only from 464 to 510, it is feared that omnibus-accommodation is about to become, to all practical intents, a tradition and a myth. It is hardly likely that the evils with which an innocent public is threatened by the existing omnibus monopoly on this score, will awaken any very warm sympathy on your side of the water; I only refer to the matter as an example of the singular want of pliability and expansibility to popular need so frequently visible in the business-arrangements of this metropolis of amusement, luxury, and "pleasure;" where the most ordinary conveniences of civilized existence in Anglo-Saxon communities are often either unknown, or so scantily furnished as to be practically uncome-at-able. For instance, in what Anglo-Saxon community has every drop of water to be dragged, at an immense expenditure of labor and money, (for water is really very dear here) up the two, three, four, five, six, and seven stories, exclusive of garrets, which constitute the superimposed altitudes of Parisian dwellings. Where, in England or America, have the unlucky servants to go out, every day, for milk, bread, charcoal, &c.? A few only of the most aristocratic bakers send bread to their customers; the milk-shops never think of such a thing as sending milk. As for other supplies, go to market you must, whether you will or no; or you will be left to starve by unconscious purveyors. The amount of labor thus caused to French servants may be readily computed; and it will be as readily understood that French housekeeping is usually something sufficiently remote from Anglo-Saxon ideas of comfort. The French way of living, however, has the advantage of being much less expensive. Individual items (especially those of primary necessity) cost more than in England; but so many things that are regarded in the latter country as essentials are never thought of here, that the sum total expended by a French housekeeper in the course of the year is vastly less than would have been expended, in a corresponding social position, by an English one. Among people of any social position, however, so much more will have been expended by the former in matters of show, dress, &c., that the balance of expense may possibly be not very considerable. But in the difference in comfort, in all that constitutes the best, most healthy, and most beneficial elements and influences of "*home*," the advantage will be incomparably on the Anglo-Saxon side.

As the French know little of comfort, so are they also deficient in the quiet, steady "push," the wholesome power of regular, persevering devotion to an honest and legitimate calling which—despite the tendency to speculation which has been too visible of late in England and America—is still the main source of individual fortune and prosperity among Anglo-Saxon communities. The greater number of Frenchmen either rub listlessly on in some narrow sphere which they take no pains to widen, or rush with feverish impatience, and an utter absence of principle, into speculation. Marriage here, in the vast majority of cases, has really become a question of money. The exceptions to this rule are very rare, and it is impossible to reside in France for any length of time without seeing abundant proof of this assertion.

I remember, soon after I took up my residence in this city, being very much diverted by an incident which took place under my own eyes. The boarding-house in which I was staying looked out into the beautiful Luxembourg Gardens, which, with its sunny sheltered walks, and its beds of December flowers, seemed almost to belong to the house, so easily accessible was it. It was consequently a desirable place for an invalid; and accordingly a Mr. G———, from a town in a neighboring Department, came there with his wife and two daughters, the elder of whom was supposed to be in a decline, from the effects of a disappointment in an "*affaire de cœur*," the gentleman to whom she was engaged having been killed by some accident, on a railway, if I remember rightly. M. and Mme. G——— considered that if anything could save their daughter, it would be a judicious mixture of Parisian medical skill, Parisian amusements, and the quiet and sweet air of the Luxembourg Gardens; so they established themselves in the boarding-house in question. The day following their arrival, Mlle G——— was very ill, partly, it may be, from the fatigue of her journey, but, what with that fatigue, and the violence of her feelings, she was in a state which greatly alarmed her parents, and as a doctor was at the time still in attendance on Mme. B———, our landlady, who had an infant about a month old, M. G——— sent to her in a fright to beg that *Dr. D———* would come at once to his daughter, who seemed to be going off into a fit of suffocation, or spasm—in short, very ill.

Dr. D——— was a plump, conceited, shining young puppy, of pretty good abilities, and an assurance which augured well for his future success; age about twenty-four; young lady's age, nineteen. Dr. D——— thought himself handsome; and there was, at all events a good deal of him; he dressed well, and presented to the eyes of his admirers a round, smooth head, abundantly supplied with well-pomatumed hair, and whiskers to match. The young lady, a drooping skeleton, had a face that might have been pleasing, if her health had been better.

The doctor was shown into the young lady's room—which he entered on tip-toe; he expended his blandest smiles, and gentlest conversation upon her, and held her hand rather longer than was strictly necessary, in feeling her pulse. When he left his new patient, he sought an interview with Madame B———, and was closeted for a couple of hours with her. Mme. B——— was a managing little woman, who piqued herself on her skill in making marriages, and had a ridiculously high opinion of her flourishing young medical attendant, due partly to the mingled assurance and blandishments of the latter, and partly to the fact that he always attended her and her family gratis, speculating on the chances of employment afforded by the goodwill of the mistress of a large boarding and lodging house.

On the following day the doctor visited the young lady, and pronounced her better; he also had a long talk with her parents, in which he assured them that their daughter's case was one in which an entire and total change of thought, habits, and surroundings was necessary.

"She has an excellent constitution," remarked the bland disciple of Esculapius, "and will recover, if her mind can be properly diverted; but unless this diversion takes place, and promptly, your fears will probably be realized, and only too completely."

"You are no doubt right, doctor," replied M. G———, "but the shock has been so severe that I fear it will require much effort to produce this diversion of feeling. Consider, doctor, that it is scarcely four months since her *fiance* was so suddenly killed: and she has not ceased to weep his loss."

"And they were so deeply attached to each other," interposed Mme. G———, wiping her eyes.

"We were very fond of him," added M. G———, with a sigh; "it has been a sad disappointment to us, for ourselves, as well as for our daughter."

"Ah, where the sentiments are so kind and true, as in your case I perceive them to be, such a loss must indeed have been a cruel one," rejoined the doctor, in his most insinuating tones, "it is not always that people possess so much sensibility. But I comprehend life, especially domestic life, and the ties it creates, exactly as you do; and my dearest hope would be to be honored by the alliance of persons so amiable and respectable as yourselves. After all, life is short; it is, perhaps, unwise to nourish too long a grief, which, however legitimate, is irreparable. You must seek another son, to replace the one whom you have lost."

The conversation, once brought to this point, soon slid, by an easy decline, to the subject of marriage in general, and thence to a sketch of the young doctor's own personal views on the matter, when he carelessly mentioned the income which he was already in receipt of, and the probable increase in the same which he hoped a few years would bring, observing that he could fully sympathise in their recent disappointment, as he had already thought much of matrimony, and was anxious to enter that state, although—being rather difficult on the subject of the intelligence, amiability, &c., of the future Mrs. D———, he had hitherto refused all the overtures (some of them really flattering in many respects) which he had already received.

The wily doctor, having already got from Mme. B——— nearly every necessary detail respecting the position of M. G———, and the "dot" of his daughter, was going on safe ground. The G———s had been posted up with equal rapidity, by the landlady, in all particulars respecting the doctor; and before the conclave broke up, the principals had arrived at a tolerably clear preliminary understanding as to the "successor" to the post of son-in-law rendered vacant by the regretable accident aforesaid.

On the breaking-up of the conclave, the doctor had a second and still longer confabulation with Mme B———, who, the same day, took occasion, during the afternoon, to impart to all those of her lodgers whom she honored with confidential gossip, her belief that "the thing" was in a fair way of being realized.

On the following day the young doctor made two "professional" visits to the young lady; each of which was followed by a closeting with her parents. The young lady's tears had quite ceased to flow, from the bland doctor's second visit; visits three and four had rendered her almost smiling. On the fourth day, various explanations having taken place between the doctor and the parents, and references having been cross-questioned on both sides, to the mutual satisfaction of all concerned, Dr. D——— made a formal tender of his hand and heart, first to the parents, and next to the damsel, and was duly accepted by all three.

From that time the young lady rapidly regained her health, and, from the skeleton which she appeared to be on coming to Paris, became an agreeable-looking and tolerably pretty girl. The parents seemed as well satisfied as the daughter; and the thought of the unfortunate defunct was evidently extinguished forever.

The young doctor was radiant. His round and comfortable face seemed to be constantly expanding; and his very walk betrayed the satisfaction of his inner man. Not only was the young lady a really good and amiable girl, not very deficient in "the usual branches" of school education, and disposed to adore her plump partner-to-be, and the delights of the Paris she was henceforth to inhabit, but her "dot" turned out, when all its constituent elements were set forth, to be somewhat greater than he had been led to expect, and amounted altogether to about 30,000 francs. Now, Dr. D———, who had been on the look-out for some time, for a "girl with a dot," and a not too ugly face, who might be disposed to take him, would have closed gladly with a "dot" of half that amount. The parents, too, had amassed a comfortable independence in the hosiery line, and were sincerely fond of their children, (the second being a sickly girl of thirteen, whom the doctor considered hardly likely to live); and they were disposed to come down rather liberally in the way of the *trousseau*, and of a share in the furnishing of the apartment of the young pair, the preparations for whose wedding were begun the day after the main question had been popped and answered, and were being pushed on with all possible despatch. Moreover as the wedding-day was drawing on, the doctor was set almost beside himself with satisfaction at learning that the young lady was to receive, along with a cachemire shawl, a sugar-basin, jug, two dishes, and fourteen spoons of solid silver, which had never been spoken of to him, a set of amethyst ornaments—comprising necklace, bracelets, ear-rings, and brooch, with a "spray" for the hair—valued at four thousand francs.

If Dr. D——— had ever doubted of his own standing in the good graces of Fortune, he was sure of it now. His heart and face fairly dilated with the intensity of his satisfaction; and he came rushing into the private *sanctum* of Mme. B——— (an economical blending of boudoir, housekeeper's room, bed-chamber, and better kitchen,) in a state of breathless satisfaction, to impart the wonderful tidings to his assiduous ally.

"Mme. G———," cried the bridegroom-elect, as he darted into the aforesaid *sanctum*, "has promised this set of amethysts—which she received from her mother—to Mademoiselle Claire, on our wedding-day, on condition that these jewels shall descend to Claire's own daughter, if we have one. Think of it, Madame! Four thousand francs! and without counting the cachemire and the silver. Really, the G———'s are most respectable, satisfactory, nice people; and I am excessively delighted with the way in which everything has been arranged. As to my gratitude for your good offices, you know well that your title is too good to be ever impaired in my remembrance, and that I shall lose no opportunity of proving to you that such is the case."

This unexpected addition to the "dot" of Mademoiselle Claire was duly announced by Mme. B——— to all her confidants before the bell rang that day for dinner.

All the numerous formalities required by the French law being complied with, the certificates of birth, of the marriage of the parents, and of a lot of other points, including baptism, (and, I think, vaccination, also,) being duly procured, attested and copied by the proper authorities, all the arrangements respecting the "dot" of the bride, the transmission of the amethysts to her future daughter, being duly signed and sealed, the parties were married a few days before the expiration of one month from the time when the brisk young physician was sent for by M. and Mme. G——— to relieve the suffocations of their broken-hearted daughter.

A few days after the wedding the happy pair made a call on Mme. B———, the bride being arrayed in the cachemire, with a blue silk dress and a white satin bonnet, and wearing a large pearl brooch, given her by her husband, and a bracelet of the famous set already bequeathed to "her daughter."

Within a year from that time the latter had already made her appearance, attracted no doubt by the jewels awaiting her. Madame B——— plumes herself excessively on the happiness of her *proteges*, always bringing them up as an example of the usefulness of friendly assistance in the pursuit of matrimony, and a triumphant proof of the truth of her favorite assertion that "the shortest woings make the happiest marriages."

In narrating the progress of this novel way of curing a broken heart, I had intended to fortify the statement which led to it, by instancing several other cases in point; but the length to which this letter has reached warns me to reserve for another occasion, numerous examples I could adduce from my own observation, of the business-like way in which marriage is usually managed in France. QUANTUM.

☞ "Marquis," said Louis XVI. one day, to the Marquis de Bierce, "you make puns upon all subjects, make one upon me." "Sire," replied the cautious Marquis, "you are not a subject."

☞ A Pittsburg paper says, in an obituary notice of an old lady, that "she bore her husband twenty children, and never gave him a cross word." She must have obeyed the good old precept—"*bear and forbear.*"

☞ "We see," said Swift in one of his most sarcastic moods, "what God Almighty thinks of riches by the people to whom he gives them."

☞ A doctor's wife attempted to move him by her tears. "Ah!" said he, "tears are useless. I have analyzed them. They contain a little phosphate of lime, some chlorate of sodium, and water."

☞ DIFFERENT KINDS OF PEOPLE.—Mr. Irvine was like a good meal o' victual—you were the better for him without thinking on it; and Mr. Ryle was a dose o' physic—he griped you and worreted you, and after all he left you much the same.—*Adam Bede.*

☞ The book of woman's logic is blotted with tears, and Justice, in her courts, is for ever in a passion.—*Thackeray.*

LETTER FROM CHINA.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

U. S. S. POWHATAN,
SHANGHAE, Sept. 14th, 1859.

Mr. Editor:—My last letter left the American legation still at Pei-king, according to my note-book. Now I am going to write you another column or two regarding our experience during that trip.

Do you ever drink tea? And have you a healthy abhorrence of sweetening it with *brown sugar?* Have you ever unexpectedly reached the bottom of your loaf-sugar cannister? And have you ever found yourself reduced to the alternative of using "brown," or going without? If you have, my dear P———, you have not been in a worse predicament than were we of the legation a week after our arrival at Pei-king. But our distress was soon relieved by the Rev. Mr. Martin, who remarked that though we could not purchase loaf or crushed sugar in Pei-king, we could still command any amount of *rock candy*, which, when pulverised, formed an admirable substitute. At this we pricked up our ears and requested the caterer to make a note of the information, and at supper that evening we sweetened our tea with *pounded rock candy*, and found it superior even to the best loaf sugar. That is, it imparted a fruity flavor to the tea which was rather agreeable than the reverse. And here I will stop a moment to observe that, until my arrival in China, I had an idea that the "rock candy"—crystallised and surrounding a thread—which we purchase in the United States, was both raised and manufactured here, but I subsequently learned that entire cargoes of it are shipped from the port of Foo-chau-foo in its rough state to the United States, where it is afterward purified and attached to threads in a crystallized form. This, which we purchased at Pei-king *by the bushel*, looked just like so many gun flints that had been put into a mortar, pounded, the dust thrown away, and the irregular fragments emptied together into a basket. Thus, children, you are indebted to China for your rock candy as well as for your tea.

At length our unproductive stay in Pei-king drew to a close, and we prepared to return. Passing through the same gate by which we had entered—"The gate which looks toward the rising sun"—we emerged once more upon the rough granite road extending twelve miles from the walls of the city to those of Toong-chou on the bank of the Pei-ho, and turned our backs upon the capital of the nation whose population a late census has determined to be *four hundred and forty million* of souls—perhaps one-third of the world's population. We had not proceeded far along this road, when we came in sight of a procession, whether in honor of a marriage or funeral we could not at first imagine. Soon, however, the signs began to demonstrate themselves, and we saw that it was a funeral—and not only a funeral, but the funeral of a very great man.

"It is impossible to say whether he is just dead, or whether his friends are removing his ashes from the country family burial ground to their city abode!" observed Mr. Williams. "He may have been dead ten years for all that, as they surround one's ashes with the same show that they do a corpse."

Occupying the centre and both sides of the road as this procession did, and there being nothing but knee-deep mud upon either hand, we were of course forced to pass through its ranks or retrace our steps—we chose the former of course; more especially as our Mandarins set the example.

The first thing that we passed was a large gilded cage suspended from a coolie's shoulder by a stick, and enclosing the most beautiful and magnificent specimen of a chicken cock that I ever saw.

"What a splendid rooster!" exclaimed every one; and truly I never imagined that so beautiful a bird—a bird of such brilliant and variegated plumage—could spring from a barn-yard. The coolie who carried him seemed proud of his load, and the rooster himself strutted from side to side of his contracted home, as if going through some oft-repeated lesson. The coolie was not only clothed in pride, but also in very white garments, *white* being the color (?) indicative of mourning in China. I tried in vain to ascertain the object in thus carrying a rooster to a burial—none of the interpreters could enlighten me, and among their number was Mr. S. Wells Williams, the author of "The Middle Kingdom," and said to be better acquainted with China and its customs than any man in the East.

Next to the bearer of the chicken came a very short and asthmatic looking Chinaman, carrying a red swallow-tailed banner from the end of a long pole, and looking as if he had carried it quite far enough—as if he had just recovered from one attack of the asthma, and was in momentary expectation of another. He also was dressed in white, and the red swallow-tailed banner, and the beating of a muffled drum in its rear, were to indicate to the spirit of the dead man the direction which it was to pursue.

"They firmly believe the spirit to be somewhere among the party!" observed Mr. W. "But exactly where they cannot tell! Perhaps they imagine him to be seated in his former sedan-chair, there being carried in the procession empty by the bearers—they would imagine it *anywhere* but with the corpse."

The sedan being now passed we came to the hearse—situated in the centre of the procession, and being carried upon the shoulders of *thirty-two men.* These men were all dressed in white, and their heads were all covered with black wigs, giving their scalps the appearance of those of negroes. The hearse must have been twelve feet long, by ten wide, and eight high; was evidently very heavy, and presented a most imposing appearance. No "funeral car" that I ever saw, save that of the first Napoleon—on paper—could exceed it in this respect. It was covered with crape and silk drapery festooned, and profusely decorated with golden balls and ornaments. Perhaps there were a hundred persons composing the procession, but I failed to discover a single tearful eye—as we passed they all stopped and looked at us with as much curiosity as we evinced in looking at them; even the thirty-two hearse bearers allowed their load to rest upon the road and followed us with curious eyes. We passed on, reflecting upon how many different ways there are to carry men to the same spot. The sailor feeding the shark, the soldier be jackall, the rich merchant carried in satin wood and velvet to the worm—and the Egyptian of old staring at the 19th century from his bandages of blackened linen, and his dusty shelf in the catacombs of the Nile.

Upon arriving at the junks, in which we were to descend the river, we were received with open arms by our boatmen, who gave us to understand in the most expressive manner that they were delighted to see us back, and that they hoped to remain in our service for the remnant of their natural lives. Upon looking around us, however, we were led to doubt the sincerity of these violent demonstrations, by missing a copper wash basin which we had left behind, and of which we stood much in need after our dusty ride of eight hours. Knowing that it would be useless to attempt to trace the missing article, we sighed heavily, put our hands into the mess pocket, drew forth a Mexican dollar, and giving it to the captain of our boat—as we imagined—made signs to him that he was to go on shore and get us another. We then sat down quietly in our shirt sleeves awaiting his return, but were annoyed a half-hour later to see him seated, very quietly by his cooking establishment, washing out a pan of milk instead of handing us the new purchase half full of clean water.

"Hilo!" we exclaimed. "Where's the basin?"

The old reprobate looked up, laughed, and went on cleaning his millet. We thought this the height of impertinence, and began to get excited I have not time, however, to follow the scene that then ensued; it will be sufficient to say that, after a vast amount of interpreting, it was discovered that we had given our dollar to some loafing boatmen, and that the probability was that he would not come back for another.

"Confound these Chinamen!" exclaimed my friend; "they are all so much alike that you can't tell one from the other. Here! You take another dollar, and be certain that you are the captain of the boat."

The bargaining was unfortunately not the only case of the kind that we encountered during this trip. At the moment of our arrival at our quarters in Pei-king, the same thing exactly occurred, only to a greater extent. There is no such thing as honesty among this people. There is something else, however, with which they are plentifully supplied, and that is cupidity, avarice and love of money. A Chinaman will do anything for money! The very length of his claw-like fingers seems to have been provided for counting dollars. While we were descending the river it was excessively warm, and as we had been bountifully supplied with ice during our stay in the capital, we now missed it very much. Our sick friends in particular suffered by the change. A request was therefore made to the Mandarins of our escort that it might be furnished us at any cost, but the reply was that there was none nearer than a city two days' journey down the river, and that when we got there we should have tons. Having heard, however, that the people of the smaller hamlets were accustomed to bury ice in their fields during winter for summer use, I mentioned the fact to the captain of our boat through the interpreter, gave him five dollars, told him that we wanted ice, and then went to sleep over a novel called "The Daltons." An hour later I was awakened by the "Reprobate," who, entirely nude and painted with mud from waist to feet, pointed to several hundred weight of the longed-for luxury, and then proceeded to wash the mud from his body. It seemed that he had hauled our small junk upon a mud bank, waded thence to the shore through half a mile of mud, found an ice-house, and, assisted by his crew (one man and a boy) brought any quantity of it on board.—They had made several trips, and were quite exhausted from toiling through the knee-deep mud—often more than knee-deep. Thus does money command our fellows.

Don't start, P———, when I ask you if you ever consumed an egg three or more years old! I assure you the question is a proper one, and that it is possible for eggs, like wine, to be improved by age. At all of the Chinese "feasts" to which we have yet been, there have been provided *pickled eggs*, some of which may have been, we were told, from one to ten or twenty years old. They were always cut into quarters and piled upon plates, and we were expected to pick up a quarter at a time, with chopsticks, and eat it as a relish. In this state the yolk is perfectly black and crumbly, while the white is lighter—but still very dark-colored, and of the consistency of very hard jelly. There were many of the party who did not relish it, but to me it possessed a peculiarly pleasant tartness, and I returned from Pei-king a professed admirer of antique eggs. My only regret was that I was unable to get at the *modus operandi* of their preservation.

Upon reaching the end of our return river travel, we prepared to desert the junks, and enter once more the miserable carts. We had upon a dozen occasions insisted upon paying our own expenses during the trip, and our escort had as often put us off upon one ground or another. The result was that the Chinese Government finally paid the expenses of the Legation from the moment of its landing to that of its departure. There were many presents of articles of value and money, however, made by the Minister and others, and which, of course, fell upon *our* Government. An incident of quite an exciting nature came off during one of these present-making times, strongly demonstrative of Chinese avarice and official power. Our boatmen having worked very hard and behaved themselves remarkably well, the Minister was anxious, upon parting, to show them a substantial proof of his approbation. The caterer of the party was consequently requested to pay the captain of each boat a sum sufficient to ensure every one of the boatmen of the Expedition the same present. Now the captain of "Junk No. 1" for himself and crew received near a hundred dollars—more money than he had seen during the last year, I suppose, which, if he had been content with, and quietly stored it away, everything would have progressed smoothly. It seems, however, that he had expended thirty cents in some way for the Legation, which was still due him, and being anxious to get that also, his movements finally attracted the attention of a sixth grade Mandarin, who, upon pretence of his having insulted the caterer, caught him by his tail and dragged him on shore to be bamboozled, and perhaps deprived of *all* his money. Of course we requested that he might be excused, and a promise to that effect was given, but as they did not restore him to liberty, we entertained doubts as to the sincerity of their intentions. I must not forget to add that the Mandarins of China are generally acknowledged to be more dishonest and unreliable even than the common people.

It was my misfortune upon leaving the junks to crawl into a very rough cart, to which was harnessed only one horse, and he the most limited specimen of the animal that I had seen for some time. At times I really felt ashamed of myself for riding behind him, so asthmatic was his breathing, and so laborious his struggles through the axle-deep mud. Had it not been more than ankle-deep, I think I should have walked through sheer humanity. The consequences of all this were that I was left several miles behind by the entire expedition during the first day's travel, and that I, my asthmatic horse and my rough cart were all stuck, toward the close of the second day, in a bed of mud several miles in extent. In fact, my asthmatic horse *fell down*, and I was glad to desert my baggage, and perform the last five miles of the journey upon the back of a countryman's horse, who carried me safely to the sea, without breaking either his or my neck.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE Scientific American announces a machine for picking geese, the result of a number of years' labor, and one of the most ingenious pieces of mechanism ever seen. It not only plucks the feathers, but separates the long ones from the short ones while passing through the machine. It will pick forty-five geese per hour.

WEATHER AT THE SOUTH.—Six inches of snow fell at Columbus, Miss., on the 7th inst. At Mobile, on the 8th inst., the thermometer was only 18° above zero—the coldest day there for many years.

A GREAT fraud has just been discovered in the municipal affairs of New York city. For binding 7,500 volumes of the city records $400,000 had been expended.

THE legacies of the late Baron de Goldsmidt, the Jewish millionaire, of London, were as singular as they were liberal. Exclusive of the immense sums bequeathed to Hebrew charities, he left over $1,000,000 to various objects, among others the following:—To decayed members of the London Stock Exchange over sixty years of age, $100,000; to widows of members $100,000; to poor Quakers, $25,000; to the sons of poor Quakers, to apprentice them to various trades, $25,000; to the poor of all denominations in Brighton, the place of his residence, $50,000; to the porters and policemen on the London and Brighton Railway, to purchase for each porter six pounds of roast beef and plum pudding on every New Year's day, the interest of $100,000; to Peter Thompson, of Brighton, who had cut his hair for forty-five years, $2,500; to each of his clerks, six in number, who have been in his employ fifteen years, $15,000.

COL. COLT has invented a revolving shot gun. It is said that upon a late trial of this valuable gun, at a distance of thirty yards, it put 175 pellets in a circle of 12 inches diameter, penetrating 75 sheets of ordinary brown paper; the shot used being No. 6 shot, 1¼ ounces and two drachms of powder to each charge. The gun is a five shooter.

THE late Duchess of Bedford, for thirty years of her married life, lit her own fire, made some tea for herself and the Duke, and then, as he wrote his own letters of business, she copied them, and they came down to a large party of guests at 10 o'clock, to dispense breakfast without saying one word of their matutinary avocations; so that one might have been a visitor in the house without finding out that the Duke and the Duchess had transacted the necessary business of the day, before, perhaps, their guest had risen.

DR. BROWNLOW, in the last issue of The Knoxville Whig, thus explains his flight through the Federal metropolis:—

"Since our return home from the North, we have been frequently inquired of as to why we did not call at Washington and witness the organization of the House? We have given the same answer in every instance. We had in our pocket $20 in money, a through ticket to Lynchburg, six good shirts in a small carpet-sack, and a new overcoat worth at least $20, and this was more than we were willing to risk in that *den of thieves*. Stealing has become an *epidemic* in Washington, and no man would be safe there with this much in his possession!"

A PARIS letter-writer states, that as an addition to the ball-room toilet, the distinguished perfumer and *fabricant* of gloves, Fagnier, stitches the white kid gloves with blue, pink, or violet silk, according to the color of the robe with which the gloves are to be worn. The glove, fastened with two buttons on the back of the wrist, is also a novelty in favor with the *haut ton*.

A MAN EATEN BY HOGS.—John Rigney, a citizen of Casey county, Ky., while in the woods a few days since, was crushed by the falling of a tree, and while thus confined was set upon by his own hogs and literally torn to pieces. Nothing of his head and face were found undisfigured. He leaves a wife and seven children.

MAGNIFICENT PRESENT TO EX-COMMISSIONER BOWLIN.—Minister Yancey, on his return from South America, was made the bearer of a magnificent snuff-box, studded with diamonds, and worth $5,000, from Gen. Urquiza, President of the Argentine Confederacy, as a mark of his personal regard to ex-Commissioner Bowlin.

THE letter of Coppie to Mrs. John Brown, extolling the conduct of her sons, who were killed in the armory, was read in the Virginia Senate, and entirely changed the minds of the members who were inclined to commute his punishment. A letter from Copeland was also read, in which he justified his conduct in going to Harper's Ferry.

THE annual Anti-Slavery Fair in this city, was rather suddenly closed on Thursday last—the proprietors of the building expressing fear for the safety of their property. It was opened anew in the Assembly Buildings.

AT a family gathering in Bethel on Thanksgiving day, at the house of Mr. Starr Benedict, there were seated the representatives of five generations (in ages ranging from three months to ninety-six years!) The party numbered forty-one, and, with the exception of one, included the entire living descent of the patriarch. What is still more wonderful, the fact that no members of the above party resided more than five miles apart, is an incident which, we believe, is without precedent.

AT a recent lecture in this city, on the Slavery Question, by Mr. Curtis, of the "Potiphar Papers," an attempt was threatened to break up the meeting. A large crowd assembled, but the Mayor had 500 police in the room and on the ground, and thus prevented a riot.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 206—Adults 88, and children 118.

THE ORE BEDS OF OGILBY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARIAN DEAN'S STORY."

The town of Ogilby was all agog with wonder, when it came to be known that Mr. John Neale, who owned the beds of iron ore on Witch Hill, was coming to visit them. It was years and years ago, and only remembered by the old people, that his father, old Robert Neale, had opened them. Now they were caved in or filled with water, and the ground about them grown up with bushes. No one ever went near them but the children, who went to hunt for bits of freestone and shining "black-jack;" and to shout in at the mouths of the caves to hear the echoes, or count the marks of horse-shoes on the few half-rotten planks that lay scattered about, and tell in half-whispers, how their grandmothers told them of the old blind horse, that went round and round on these very same planks, so many years, drawing up ore from a deep hole in the ground. And how, one day, old Gill, the driver, got angry and drove the horse over the edge of the pit, where he fell and broke his neck. And then, years after, long years after any one had worked in the pits, the old windlass was heard to creak, and some people said it was the wicked soul of old Gill, going round and round on the planks, with the blind horse on his back.

Now the old pits would be opened again, the bushes be cut away to make room for the shanties of the workmen, and there'd be no chance in the modern machinery for old Gill and his horrid load. Farmers brightened up, and counted their crops off in dollars and cents, which they expected to get from the pockets of Mr. John Neale; while the young people crowded to the little cottage of old Aunt Molly, and coaxed and wheedled her, to tell them, over and over again, just how old Mr. Robert looked when he was young, and she knew him; and then try to fancy how young Mr. John must look. He had written to Mr. Langston, the owner of the hill-side farm, which lay just below Witch Hill, that he was coming in a few days, and wished to board with him, so as to be near his works.

The hill-side farm was called the best one in Ogilby—and it certainly was the pleasantest. If ever a strolling artist came up among the mountains so far as Ogilby, he was sure to make a sketch of the old farm house, with its long, low porch in front, immense chimneys, and the Lombardy poplars, standing like two tall sentinels at the gate. Then the little willow-fringed brook was haunted by youths with fishing-rods, who always happened to be fishing in the "spring-hole," whenever Susan Langston went down for a pail of water. They always spoke well of the hill-side farm, and from hearing it praised so much, Mr. Langston had got into a habit of taking more than half the praise to himself. So this affair of Mr. John Neale's advent, he was very oracular and reserved about; and the letter he never showed to mortal being, having a kind of confused notion that it was a special compliment to himself, or the farm, he could not tell which. As he kept it to himself, everybody thought it must contain something mysterious; but a certain young woman named Susan, who knew where her father's best coat hung, was very well aware that it contained just five lines of very business-like matter, written in a business-like hand, and signed plain John Neal, without any flourish or "Esq." at the end. After this, and a sly visit to "Aunt Molly," Susan "poh'd," and "pshaw'd" at the mention of his name, and once went so far as to say that she "didn't believe he'd set the river on fire."

They were just in the midst of haying, when the letter arrived; and one sultry afternoon Susan sat on the steps of the porch, sewing, and looking down on the long stretch of meadows where the hay-makers were at work, and up on Witch Hill, to the opening in the forest where the ore beds lay. She was not handsome, nor ill-looking, but had a bright, homely face, with a mirthful expression, and a look of independence and courage underlying it, that one felt, if once roused, would brave anything. I very much doubt whether she saw the hay-makers, or the hill, for she had dropped her work, and sat with her hands clasped about one knee, looking dreamily out beyond anything earthly. She started up when a brisk tread was heard in an inner room, and her mother called out to her,

"There you go off in the clouds, at the rate of ten knots an hour, and 'tis time the luncheon was carried to the men in the field. I've got work to do in the milk-room, and Mr. John Neale's room is not ready; and he may come any minute. I say, Susan, don't you think the pink and white quilt will be best for his bed?"

"I say," replied Susan, rising, and taking a white sun-bonnet from a peg by the door, "I say any quilt will do, provided it is pieced in exact squares. Place the chairs at right angles and triangles with everything; and don't let there be any but straight folds in the curtains—be sure the pillows are straight."

Before she had reached the "right angles and triangles," her mother was off searching for the pink quilt; so taking the basket of luncheon, she ran, singing, down between the old sentinel poplars, across the road, and along the little path that followed the brook down to the clump of elms, where she could see the workmen resting. Just as she came around a bend of the brook, in sight of the men, she was singing at the top of her voice—

> "The way is long, and the road is rough,
> And I bring no gold, or pearls, my love."

"If you've brought our luncheon, that is enough,
If you have'nt—look out for your curls, my love—"

Answered back one of the men, catching up the tune.

"Shame, shame, brother Ralph, can you think of nothing but eatables?"

The singer lay across the roots of the old elm, lazily dipping one hand in the water, and fanning himself with his hat. She set down the basket, and seizing him by the shoulders, turned him over into the brook; and then, with a shout, sprang off into the tall grass. The dripping minstrel was soon in pursuit, and rapidly gaining on her, when she suddenly stopped. There, not more than three feet from her, was a stranger, and her father. He gave one look, and darted off in an opposite direction—jumped the brook, and dodging behind the willows, ran towards home, as fast as she could, never stopping to answer the merry chorus of "ha, ha's" under the elms.

Alas for poor Ralph, all wet, muddy, and hatless, he was brought face to face with a rather plain looking, well-formed, well-dressed gentleman, whose politeness could hardly keep him from laughing outright; and his father, with a face, in which anger and laughter were each struggling for the mastery, introduced him as Mr. John Neale. I'm afraid my son Ralph," did not appear to very good advantage, but Mr. Neale seemed to take no notice of his confusion.

In the meantime, Susan went home, and walked demurely into the house, but with a very red face, to the no small amusement of her mother, who had expected to see her riding up on a load of hay, or racing with Ralph.

"In the name of patience, Susan, what brought you back so soon?" she cried, peering at her from under her spectacles.

"Oh, I thought I'd come and help you, mother," she answered.

"Well, well, child," replied her mother, in rather a softened manner, "you needn't have hurried so, when it was so warm. You've given yourself a red face. I'm afraid the basket was too heavy for you."

Susan was rather ashamed of her excuse, and hurried about the house to hide her confusion. She was glad when her mother sent her up to see if Mr. John's room was right. It looked very cool and pleasant, with its white-washed walls, white curtains, and pink bed-spread. The little oval mirror was bright and clean, and the long plumes of asparagus over it took a more graceful bend, after a few touches from Susan's hand. The windows were open, and a smell of flowers came up from the garden beneath.

"I wonder if I dare put some flowers on the table," she said to herself, "he may like them—but who cares, I'll do it to please myself."

So the one little vase, that was the most beloved of all her treasure of "useless things," was filled with flowers, and set on the table in his room. That was her first sacrifice to Mr. John Neale.

"The flowers may wither before he comes," said her mother, as she saw her carrying them up.

Her face turned a little redder, as she said, "No matter, I can change them;" but she had a very strong suspicion, almost amounting to a certainty, that the flowers would not wither before he came. It was nearly dark when they sounded the horn for supper, and the men came up from the lower field; but Susan, reading alone out on the porch, could see through the dusk the stranger, coming up with them, and leading a stout horse, to whose saddle a portmanteau was strapped. She waited until they came near enough for her to hear the stranger's voice in rather loud conversation with her father. She could distinguish only the words, "mica—slate—granite."

"Mica—slate—granite," she repeated impatiently, striking her hands against the old wooden pillar where she leaned. "That is you, John Neale! And to think that you saw that ridiculous caper in the field—and, after all, that we must live together in the same house. What did tempt me to do it?"

She hardly knew which to be most vexed with—John Neale, herself, or the iron ore—but made up her mind to dislike him, and "let him alone," as much as possible; and here was a chance—so off she ran to the milk-room, where her mother was busy with pan and pails.

"Here, mother," said she, hurriedly, 'the men have come; you go and wait on them, while I strain the milk. You are tired, and I can set the pans, up on Mr. Ne—the—the high shelf, better than you."

The mother looked at her as though she thought her crazy; but she snatched the strainer from her hand, and half pushed her out; so she had nothing to do but go into the house, wondering very much at her sudden fancy for dairy work. In a few minutes she put her head in at the milk-room window, with a half-frightened, half-pleased look on her face, and whispered—

"O, Susan, Susan, Mr. John has come, and wasn't it a shame that you sent me in with my very worst cap and faded dress, and you were looking so tidy?"

Susan bent down, and seemed to be looking very intently into a pan, while her shoulders shook as though she had the ague.

"What is it?"

"Grass-seed."

"Do you laugh so at grass-seed?"

There was a call from the house, and the head was withdrawn from the window, but was soon replaced by Ralph's.

"I say, Susan, he's blind, and I don't believe he could tell whether you jumped ten feet or five, when you crossed the brook."

"Yes, stone-blind," said Susan. "But I give you fair warning, Ralph, that something serious will happen to you, if you ever present yourself to me in such a provoking attitude. What right had you to lay where it took just nothing at all to push you into the brook?"

"Nothing but your stout hands," retorted Ralph. "I'm the martyr this time, worthy Madam. There was once a slender, debate youth reclining under a tree, by the side of a meandering—"

"Go your ways, Ralph," said Susan, tossing a cup of white foam from the strainer full in his face.

He wiped his face calmly, and said, with a sigh, "You see I am a martyr still, but, as I was saying, said youth—"

"By the aforesaid stream—bah! that smacks of a lawyer's office, after which you are always hankering."

"Don't interrupt me, Miss. This youth's mind was of such a poetic turn that he could not help talking poetry, for which his coarse sister ducked him in a mud-hole."

"A meandering stream, sir—to use your own bifulatin name for the miller's brook—and I think it had a very good effect on your wits."

"Never mind," said Ralph; "I'm only telling you how Mr. Neale saw it. He said—"

"He said nothing—only of stocks and stones."

"And *senseless* things—granted, granted;" and the merry face dodged away, just in time to escape a dipper of water.

After all, there might be some truth in what he said. Leaving the poetry out—which she was sure he was not near enough to hear—what could he think to see a girl come jumping and screaming through the fields, and without cause, but great provocation, push her brother into the brook. Then, to almost run over him, laughing and shouting, with her sun-bonnet in one hand, and her hair flying about her ugly red face. It was very evident that he must think her a coarse, hoydenish thing—if he thought of her at all. Well, she would show Mr. John Neale that she could be as dignified as he. When she went into the house he was out on the porch with the men, asking questions about the veins of ore, the old miners, and the wood lots, and getting the history of the whole neighborhood; while Sammy, sitting on the steps close beside him, was trying to edge in the story of old Gill and the blind horse.

The next morning, bright and early, she was out sweeping the porch, giving her broom a very energetic flirt whenever she thought of Mr. Neale; when who should come round the corner of the house but that worthy gentleman himself. He carried a small basket in his hand, and lo! in the button-hole of his loose gray coat was one of the prettiest flowers from the bouquet she made for him. He bowed abstractedly as he passed her, and went up to his room.

"Bravo," said Susan, scornfully; "couldn't you let the flowers be, without putting them to some use? Is it with such fine airs that you expect to break all our countried hearts?"

Now that was the farthest thought in the world from any that were in Mr. John Neale's head. He was too intent on breaking something harder than "countried hearts" to even think of them. The whole aim and end of his existence now seemed to be finding out how much money could be honestly made from the "old Neale ore bed." But as it was for a wise and good purpose, nobody could blame him, and least of all would Susan, if she could have had one glimpse behind the anxious business veil that shrouded him. He liked the flower, because it was beautiful, and seemed home-like—just such as grew in his mother's garden; but he must use his hands to break stones and gather specimens, in his morning rambles. So the old gray coat was graced with it, and there it hung and withered, forgotten, after that moment, by John Neale.

Time wore on at the hill-side farm with but little visible change; but Witch Hill was a different place from what it was when Mr. Neale first visited it. A road was built up over it, and workmen's cabins were nestled about, in little out of the way places, among the trees; and there was a long greyish streak down its side where the ore was thrown off. Heavily laden teams toiled slowly over it, and all day long the shouts of the miners and teamsters might be heard, with now and then the rumbling and crashing of the blasts. And every day Mr. Neale might be seen at the head of the workmen, directing, counselling, and inquiring into everything that took place; and while they rested he was busy with pick and basket, knocking off bits of ore from different parts, and examining them with a zeal and industry which they all admired, but laughed at. Every night he emptied his basket on the floor of the porch, and weighed, and hammered, and studied over the bits of stone, as though he were hunting for gold in them. And, although he always carefully gathered up and carried off every piece, still there was a little litter made, which Susan never failed to visit with her broom, and brushed off as hurriedly as though it was in some way contaminated by him. One night he was called away for something, and left nearly half his treasures there. She, thinking he was gone, sallied out, broom in hand.

"Of all sights in the world, Ralph, it is the greatest sight to me to see a great, grown man playing with pebbles all his days."

Here she gave a contemptuous flirt to her broom, and the offending pebbles spun out into the garden, before Ralph, who was leaning in the doorway, could stop her.

"For a woman or a fool it might do, but for a man—such worse than child's play! for a child would choose prettier things."

"It is very earnest play to me, Miss Langston," said Mr. Neale, who had returned just in time to hear her.

There was a sad earnestness in his tones that made her thoroughly ashamed, and she stammered out an apology.

"It is no matter," said he gently. "It was wrong for me to litter your floor and make trouble for you. I never thought of it before, but I wont do it again."

"Yes, do," said Susan, eagerly, "it isn't any trouble. I was cross and ill-natured."

Then she drew back, half vexed and sullen because she had said so much. At all events she would not run away, and let him think she was frightened, though she felt humbled by his gentleness, so she hung about the porch pretending to train up a straying vine about a pillar, but, in reality, listening to Mr. Neale, and Ralph, who had taken a great fancy to him, and was as inseparable from him as his shadow when he was about the house. Mr. Neale's eyes followed her about the porch a little while as though he never had seen her before, and then he went on with his conversation with Ralph.

"As I was telling you, my boy, if one could make such a system work. If I could know just how much ore each blast would bring out, and how many dollars each of those shining heaps would bring me, and where, if ever, the end would be—if I could know all this, and look forward so as to determine how what I commenced would end, and not so much be left to what seems chance and uncertainty—then I would have my men work in companies, and be drilled with military precision, so that I might know what effect each stroke of their brawny arms had on my enterprise, and count down the strength of their muscles as safely as I can my loads when they are delivered. I say, it would be grand to be commander of such companies."

He was so engaged that he had forgotten Susan until a faint exclamation from among the vines where she stood recalled his attention to her.

"What were you saying, Miss Langston? Don't you think it would be beautiful?"

"Yes, with this addition; let them all wear brass collars on their necks with an inscription of some kind. For instance, your head miner's should be, 'Stephen, born thrall of John Neale.' If the *commander* wore one it should be marked 'Mammon.'"

Mr. Neale began walking back and forth very fast, and saying, more sadly than angrily,

"We don't agree, we don't understand each other."

"Very well," said Susan, coldly.

"Very well," repeated Mr. Neale, stopping in his walk just opposite her.

"Is war declared?" asked Ralph, comically.

Neither replied, but Susan, with rather an ungracious "good-night," stole by him into the house.

"What a strange girl—but she don't understand me," was what Mr. Neale thought as he looked after her retreating form, but he said, "I have offended her—make my peace with her, Ralph," and so dismissed her from his thoughts, and went on with his darling schemes, for Ralph was a willing listener.

Frosts come early in Ogilby, and all haste is made to gather in crops as soon as may be in the fall. So this second week of October all hands were busy in the field. Mr. Langston looked at the sky and the earth as wisely as possible and prophesied frost.

"Frost we shall have, Ralph," said he, as he followed the last load of apples to the cellar. "Frost, and a plenty of it, and here it is Saturday, and all our papers are at the post office, and not a man or boy to be spared from the premises."

This was the climax of all troubles to Mr. Langston, and he actually looked down-hearted at the idea of not getting an insight into the "doings of Congress" until it was a week old.

"Well," said Ralph, cheerily, "why not send Susan? She is as good as any man or boy on the premises."

"Yes, but the horses are all in use."

"Well, let her ride my gray pony."

That settled it. The gray pony was as dear to Ralph as the apple of his eye, and was generally considered too nice for Susan to ride, but this time she was to go by a certain red house, where a merry maiden, whom Ralph could name, with a good natured blush and smile, however, would see his pretty pet and commend him for his kindness. Then, too, he was a little disinterested, for he knew it would be a great pleasure to Susan, and she could afford to have patience with all the tiresome messages and errands she would be charged with. As he started off, bridle in hand, for the pasture where Katy played at leisure, he met Mr. Neale looking rather grave.

"Do you go to Ogilby to-day?"

"No, I send a deputy post-boy to-day," said Ralph, smiling.

"One that can be trusted, I hope, for I must trust some one to fetch my letters. My horse has fallen lame, and I can't spend the time to go on foot."

"Very well, I'll send for them," replied Ralph, so the last message he gave Susan after he had seated her on Katy, was to tell her she must fetch Mr. Neale's letters; and it was Mr. Neale's particular request that she should not open the large brown one, which would have any amount of money in it, nor the little one, with a blue seal, and finnifine writing on the outside; but, if she considered herself in any danger of dying of curiosity, she might open the others, provided she did not tell more than fifty persons what they contained.

"Nonsense, Ralph! Let go Katy's bridle. Don't you know I'm a woman of business to-day, and can't afford to laugh at your fits. I shall stop at Uncle Dan's on my way home, and I want to get there early, for—"

"There is where you will transact your business. Look astonished now, just as though I didn't know Abby had got her wedding-dress, and you were aching to see it. Eh! Lady Susan?"

She struck Katy lightly with her whip, and pranced gaily down through the yard. At the gate she met Mr. Neale. He had probably heard Ralph, but he did not look amused.

"Shall I bring you the news?" she asked.

His looks brightened a little as he glanced up at her bright, pleasant face, and he replied earnestly,

"Yes, if it is good news; and you don't look as though you could fetch any other."

"Well, throw your shoe after me for good luck," she cried, laughing to hide her embarrassment.

"Unfortunately he wears boots," shouted Ralph.

She gave Katy loose rein, and was soon out of sight. Ever since she made what Ralph called the "brass collar amendment," there had been a change in their behavior to each other. He seemed conscious of her presence in the house, and was freezingly polite to her, while she, by many little kindnesses, seemed trying to make him forget she had been so harsh, as she felt now, that she was. There was nothing very friendly, however, on either side, and neither unbent. Until this morning, she had hardly said more than yes or no to him, and now, with Ralph's help, she had made herself appear ridiculous again. So she rode on toward the village with no very pleasant feelings connected with Mr. Neale.

That night, when they were at supper, a horse was heard to neigh at the gate.

"That is Katy," said Ralph, starting up.

He went down to the road—sure enough there was Katy, but where was Susan? The bridle was dangling from Katy's neck, and had a little bush tied to it. Ralph laughed aloud when he took it up and examined it.

"You've served her a nice trick, my beauty. See here, father, Susan stopped at Uncle Dan's and tied the pony to the bushes in the yard. She did not like visiting as well as Sue, so she left and brought the bush with her."

Mr. Langston mourned some because his papers did not come, but he joined in the laugh against Susan. Ralph patted Katy as though she had done a very smart thing, and laughed until the old hills echoed, when he thought how surprised she would be to find her horse gone. She would be vexed at the idea of staying all night, but he would go for her early in the morning.

They were just lighting candles when he returned to the house.

"If I believed in ghosts or didn't know what a screech-owl was, I should think old Gill was at work to-night. Just come to the door, and hear him."

He spoke to the boys; but Mr. Neale came, too, and listened. Away off on Witch Hill they could hear a faint cry.

"It sounds like a human voice," said Mr. Neale.

"It sounds like ghosts," said little Sammy, with widening eyes.

"Nonsense," replied Ralph, "where did you ever hear one? It is only a screech-owl—they are always as plenty as blackberries about Witch Hill," and, satisfied himself with his explanation, he went off whistling to the barn. The boys hurried off into the house, and hovered like moths about the candles. Mr. Neale leaned moodily over the railing of the porch looking up at the lonesome hill, calm and beautiful now in the moonlight.

Again came that cry, so like a cry for help, that he started.

"How foolish!" he thought; "it is as Ralph says, only the owls." But he walked slowly out through the orchard, and along the edge of the hill, where the little path ran that led to the ore bed. He hardly knew or cared why he went, but he felt anxious and feverish, and the night was cool and pleasant, so he walked on. Before he was hardly aware of it, he had gone half-way to the ore bed. Here the path led over a little ledge of rocks, and he sat down. Below lay the valley, with its pleasant intervales dotted here and there with farm-houses; and the wall-like headlands stretching out from the mountains on either side, driving the river from one side to the other, and showing, only now and then, a glimpse and glisten of it, in the silvery light. A frosty mist was hanging down over the mountains, which made Witch Hill seem colder, darker and stiller than ever. He rose and climbed a little higher up, to take one more look over the quiet landscape, when a cry, wild and clear, came from the direction of the ore bed. It seemed the last despairing cry of a human being in distress. He sprang down from the rock, ran across the open field, and was clambering over bush and brier, up the side hill, before the wierd echoes had hardly died away. He toiled panting up over the rocks, and stood at the mouth of the first opening. All was still there, save the slow dropping of water in the caves. Higher up was the "big ledge," and he climbed carefully along, peering into every shadow, and starting nervously every time he loosened a pebble. The moon went under a cloud for a moment, and when it shone out again, he was standing on the platform at the foot of the ledge. Everything was quiet. The heaps of ore and rocks cast quaint, awful shadows over it, but picks and drills lying about here and there, and Stephen's old coat flung across the handle of a shovel, took much away from the awfulness of the scene. He walked back and forth on the platform, and was about to call, when, just above him, on the ledge, he heard a trembling voice say:

"Oh, Mr. Neale!"

Too much surprised to speak, he looked up. Just above him was a tall, dark figure, clinging to the rocks in a place where it seemed no mortal could get without help.

Again "Mr. Neale," but lower and more tremblingly.

"Susan, in Heaven's name, what are you doing up there?"

"I'm holding on, as well as I can, Mr. Neale."

This time it was Susan's firm voice that replied.

"How did you get there?"

"I slipped down from the top of the ledge—do help me down."

"What can I do? What brought you here?"

"My horse, and then deserted me; but how can I ever get down? I'm so cold and dizzy—I shall fall."

"Hush!" said Mr. Neale, sternly, "look up at the top of the ledge. If you look down at me again, I'll leave you. Do you understand me?"

He stood for a few moments measuring the distance with his eye, and then started for the lower cave. Susan heard his retreating footsteps, and screamed frantically.

"Oh, come back, come back! I am looking up! Help! help!"

Mr. Neale stopped, and spoke calmly:

"Susan, I am going down to Stephen's shop for a ladder, and you must stand still and be quiet."

She made no answer, but laid her head down on the rocks and sobbed. He hurried down the hill, and soon returned with a long ladder, which he leaned against the rocks, with the end just at Susan's feet, but she did not move.

"There, Susan," said he, cheerily, "move carefully, reach down, and take hold of the top round. I am holding it steady."

"No, no," she murmured, "I cannot."

"Susan," he cried, "try to get down. The ladder is here, and I am holding it."

She started when he spoke, let go with one hand, and bent down, then clutched the rocks again, crying,

"Don't ask me, don't ask me! save me! I am falling!"

He rolled some large stones to the foot of the ladder, and then climbed up to where she was standing. Ah, the only wonder was she had been able to stand there so long, with merely room for her feet, and the rough rock to lean against and cling to. He crouched down on the ladder at her feet, and said, soothingly,

"I am here with you—you may look down at me now, Susan. I shall stay here until you come down with me. Put your hands on my shoulders to steady yourself, and then you can step on to the ladder. Come, Susan, let us agree in this. We have quarrelled enough—I am sick of it. I'm not a monster, neither are you, though you have tried to make me think so. We are better friends than we think we are."

He thought, by talking in this light way, he could make her think of something besides her danger, but she did not seem to hear him. He dare not force her to move, for a very slight push to one side would throw down the ladder, and if she should lose her foothold—it was horrible to think of her, mangled, bloody and dead on the heap of stones below. She was losing her consciousness, and did not care to get down.

"Only stay here, Mr. Neale—dear Mr. Neale, don't leave me," was her constant cry, so he dare not leave her to get help, for she would spring after him down the ledge. Something must be done. He knew he was perilling his own life, but he rose and stood firmly on the ladder, and looked in her face, speaking loud and harshly as he reached out his hand to her.

"Susan, give me your hands."

She caught her breath like a frightened child, and held out one hand to him, as cold and stiff as that of a corpse. He grasped it tightly in his, and said,

"The other."

But she only stared in his face, and did not move. He reached out carefully, and, with a sudden movement, wrenched it from the rock where it clung. She gave a quick, sharp cry, but he knelt on one knee, and, throwing one arm around her, drew her down to the ladder. He was holding both her hands in his, and she struggled to free them, and regain her old place.

"Susan," said he, solemnly, "if you struggle now, I will throw you down, to the certain and horrible death which, God be thanked, we have escaped."

"Oh, yes, I know now; bless you! bless you!" she cried, and she clung round his neck, and almost held her breath, while he cautiously crept down the ladder.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

THE BIRCH-TREE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A slender, silver-green birch-tree
Stands on the heath alone,
Tossing hither and thither
Her light and lovely crown.

Bees and birds in her branches
Merrily come and go;
Heather-bells, rosy and purple,
Under her shadow grow;

But her leafy hands she wringeth,
And flingeth her tresses on air,
And swayeth her arms, and prayeth
A hopeless and speechless prayer.

FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

A HOOSIER ON A STEAMBOAT.

Going up the Ohio river, last fall, we took on board a rather verdant youth at Hickman. His curiosity was unbounded. He examined here, and he scrutinized there; he wormed from the engineer a compulsory lecture on the steam engine, and mechanics in general; and from the fireman an essay on "white heat," and the average consumption of pine cord-wood, etc.

At length his "inquiring mind" was checked in its investigations. He mounted to the wheel-house, and was asking the pilot—

"What are you doin' that fur, mister? What good does it do?"

He was here observed by the captain, who said, in a gruff voice—

"Go 'way from here! Don't you see the sign, 'No talking to the man at the hellum?' Go 'way!"

"Oh, certing, ye'es; but I ondly wanted ter know—"

"Well, you do know now, that you can't talk to him; so just go 'way."

With unwilling willingness the verdant youth came down, and as it was soon dark he presently went below; but four or five times before he "turned in" he was on deck, and near the wheel-house, eyeing it with a thoughtful curiosity, but, with the captain's rebuff still in his ears, venturing to ask no question.

In the first gray of the morning he was up and out on the deck; and after some hesitation, perceiving nobody near save the pilot, who was turning the wheel as when he had last seen him, he asked his suppressed question in an *oblique* style, somewhat characteristic of his region—

"Wal—goin' it yet, ha? Been at her all night, ha? A winding on her up, are you?"

LOVE'S INSANITY.

He who far off beholds another dancing,
Even one who dances best, and all the time
Hears not the music that he dances to,
Thinks him a madman, apprehending not
The law which moves his else eccentric action;
So he that's in himself insensible
Of love's sweet influence, misjudges him
Who moves according to love's melody;
And knowing not that all these sighs and tears,
Ejaculations and impatience,
Are necessary changes of a measure
Which the divine musician plays, may call
The lover crazy, which he would not do,
Did he within his own heart hear the tune
Played by the great musician of the world.

—*Calderon.*

HOW HER MISS LOOKED WHOM WASHINGTON SAW IN A LOOKING-GLASS.—Miss Custis, afterwards Mrs. Law (she having married Mr. Law, the brother of Lord Ellenborough), Washington's grand-daughter, on a visit to Mrs. Stuart, after the death of Washington, said to Mrs. Stuart, that she was with the General, during his sittings for his portrait by her husband, and that at his last sitting, she was asked to examine it carefully, and to say whether she could see anything which required alteration. At her request the General seated himself at the side of the picture, and Miss Custis said it seemed like a reflection in a looking-glass. General Washington was then asked what he thought of it, and he replied, "It looks like a man I see when I shave."

WHY IS LUTHER REPRESENTED WITH A SWAN?—John Huss is represented with a goose, and Luther with a swan; and the explanation given in Lutheran churches, where the representation occurs, is that John Huss (whose name in Bohemian signifies goose) used to say, "Though they kill this goose, a swan shall come after me."—*Notes and Queries.*

THE SEA KINGS.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

I.

The Spaniard thought to wear our crown,
Three hundred years ago;
And bend the head of England down
To kiss the Pope's great toe!
And next the Dutchman swept the Sea
With besom topmast high,
Where is their Ocean sovereignty
To-day? How low they lie!

II.

And now the Frenchman's old wounds burn
Like devils in their pain,
And bode the weather of war will turn
To a bath of bloody rain.
Tingle and ring the ears of France
With the sound of battle hymns;
As on Ambition's dark mad trance
The bloody vision swims.

III.

Sons of the old Norse sailors brave,
We fill their place to-day—
No wreath of foam upon the wave,
To flash and pass away.
Our perilous prize we guard and keep
Till last relief God brings,
Then lie in calm majestic sleep
Along with the old Sea Kings.

IV.

Well may your proud eyes sparkle, ye
Rough Sea Kings, young and old;
The salt-sea spirit laughs to see
The Frenchman grown so bold.
Sword-bayonets, rifled cannon, may
The poor of heart alarm,
But pluck at last will win the day
With naked strength of arm.

V.

We are not beaten at a dash,
Nor swiftly overthrown,—
Let ship with ship together lash,
We know who must go down.
No man in Gallic land will live
To see us dispossest;
When our sun sets at sea we give
Our glory to the West.

VI.

Those old unconquerable waves,
They mock at Tyranny;
And never can a land of slaves
Be Ruler of the Sea.
But would you see their Empress, now
Behold her! here she smiles,
This diadem on Ocean's brow,
This Glory of the Isles.

VII.

We've fed the Sea with English souls,
And every mounded wave
To Heaven bears witness, as it rolls,
Some English seaman's grave!
Our rivers bear heroic dust
For burial in that sea,
Which helps to keep our noble trust,
And battles for the Free.

VIII.

Not always down the primrose path
Of dalliance can we tread,
Oft-times the Chosen People hath
To climb with foot-prints red:
Our highest life with cross and scorn
And tears, may yet be trod,
And England wear a crown of thorn,
Whose Roses bloom in blood.

IX.

We have immortal quarrel with
The men who war with Right;
We will not own him kin or kith,
Who fails us in this fight.
No room for him on English ground,
No bed in Ocean's breast,
Who draws her purple curtains round
Unfathomable rest.

X.

If those old Greeks for Beauty wrought
Their ten-years' daring deed,
Shall it be said that less we fought
For Freedom in her need?
No. Fight till all the Brave lie dead,
And grass grows on the mart;
But Freedom here shall rest her head
Upon Old England's heart.

XI.

Like some old Eagle on her nest,
Up in her pride of place,
Our England sits with brooding breast,
And looks with sharpened face!
She feels the Shadow of a Hand,
But ere it touch her brood,
The Sea that narrows round our land
Shall be a moat of blood.

XII.

Wave out, Old Bird! or still brood on!
They shall not bring you low;
A thousand years have come and gone,
A thousand more shall go!
Our True Hearts still shall tread the deck,
Our Ships sail every sea,
And ride like those who rein the neck
Of roaring Tyranny.

XIII.

We've mounted many a winding wave,
We've weathered many storms;
Unshaken still we hear them rave,
Safe in the eternal arms.
And if the worst comes—every man—
We'll perish in our place,
And then the Frenchman, if he can,
May lead the new Sea-Race!

How to Pronounce "Ough."—The ending syllable "ough," which is such a terror to foreigners, is shown up in its several pronunciations in the following lines:

Wife, make me some dumplings of dough,
They're better than meat for my cough;
Pray let them be boiled till hot through.
But not till they're heavy or tough.
Now, I must be off to my plough,
And the boys (when they've had enough)
Must keep the flies off with a bough,
While the old mare drinks at the trough.

☞ Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl-chain of all the virtues. *Fuller.*

☞ If you would not have affliction visit you twice, listen at once to what it teaches.—*Burgh.*

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

CHAPTER II.

When at length Isabel was sufficiently composed to return with me to the drawing-room, we found Mrs. Vivian at the piano, and her brother listening to her fine voice with evidently extreme enjoyment. I felt vexed to see them thus engaged, for Isabel had no musical talent herself, and I feared, under present circumstances, the effect of the smallest injurious comparison. As I sat and watched Mr. Lorimer following note by note with critical enthusiasm and affection for the accomplished singer, I regretted still more that this subtle way of reaching her husband's heart was closed against Isabel. Mrs. Vivian rose, however, as soon as she had finished her song, saying,

"I won't bore Mrs. Lorimer with my loud voice; I know she does not care about music," and the piano was closed, for neither host nor hostess challenged her assertion. Mr. Lorimer began to talk kindly and pleasantly to me, informed me of his departure for Scotland, and mentioned incidentally that he must start so early that he should breakfast by six o'clock in the morning.

"Oh, well," said Mrs. Vivian, "I shall be up to pour out your coffee; there is nothing so cheerless as to set off on a journey with no one to see that your great-coat is buttoned, and to wish you 'God speed!'"

I looked anxiously towards Isabel, for I could see she was trembling with repressed indignation; she commanded herself, however, admirably, and spoke quietly enough.

"Pray do not disturb yourself so early, Caroline; I have made my own arrangements for the morning, and propose to breakfast with my husband alone."

Mrs. Vivian shrugged her shoulders, expressive of scornful acquiescence in this new caprice, and Mr. Lorimer appeared too intent on the *Bradshaw* he had taken up to hear the remark.

About half-past five on the following morning, I was awakened by Isabel standing already dressed by my bedside. She wished me to get up, and join her and her husband at the breakfast table.

"I do not know what I may be tempted to say to him, Aunt Sarah, but I feel as if I could not let him go away in his present estrangement, especially when I fear he has such serious business for his object. I have thought for some time past that he has seemed anxious and ill at ease. Oh, he must take me to his heart again—speak to me kindly!"

"But, my dear child, had you not better be alone?"

She thought not; if I were present, I could judge for myself, and I should be no restraint upon her. I thought how lovely she looked presiding at the table in her simple white gown, and felt persuaded her husband must think so, too, when he came in. But when he did, after a few civil speeches to me, he seemed too hurried and pre-occupied to notice anything. He swallowed his breakfast in five minutes, and then rose at once and rung the bell impatiently for the carriage to come round.

"I must be off immediately," he said, looking at his watch; "I would not miss the train on any account. Good-bye, Isabel."

What could be done in the way of remonstrance or entreaty under such circumstances? A man under fear of losing the train is scarcely tolerant of conjugal embraces, much less of conjugal reproaches. Isabel had timed her appeal badly. She stood irresolute, her eyes downcast, her brow clouded. I saw Mr. Lorimer had made a movement towards her, as if to kiss her, but turned shortly from her, on remarking her attitude. He evidently misunderstood her, for he compressed his lips with an expression of such bitter feeling, though it was but transient, that I felt how deep a current of suffering and disappointment ran beneath his calm and ordinary manner.

"I hope you will not find the country very dull," he said to me; "Isabel must do her best to amuse you during my absence; it is very kind of you to come and stay with her. Take care of the children, Isabel."

He turned and was going. I touched Isabel's arm, and she sprang suddenly forward so as to intercept his way to the door.

"You will write to me?" she asked, eagerly—"you will let me know your movements?—Are you likely to be long absent?—a month?—six weeks? Lorimer, speak to me kindly before you go away!"

I saw the color rise angrily to Mr. Lorimer's face.

"Why have you reserved your tender appeal till the last moment?" he said. "Were you anxious for a witness to your protest against my neglect? I shall write to you duly. Don't attempt to delay me another moment."

He spoke in a hard, severe tone—put her gently on one side, as she blocked his passage, and was gone. A moment after, we heard the carriage roll from the door. Isabel clasped her hands.

"Am I not a blundering fool?" she cried, passionately. "I never make an attempt to heal but I widen the breach. He thinks now, I am playing a part—wanting to convince you I am a neglected wife."

She walked restlessly up and down the room. I had not much to say in the way of consolation. I had felt from the first that it was impolitic to have insisted on my presence during the interview, but she had overruled my objection: and I was deeply grieved to see matters were worse between them than I had thought. I had hoped last night that Isabel had exaggerated or mistaken her position.

"And it does not seem so very long ago," continued she, gloomily, "that he never left me for a few hours without a tender farewell. I never came into the room but he smiled and gave me a seat near him. He could scarcely pass me without a touch that was a caress; and now—"

"Oh, child," I said, "you must have acted very ill!"

"Have I not told you so?" she returned, bitterly; "and do I not suffer for it? He never loved me as I love him now. What long patience he had with me—blind to my selfishness, indulgent to my vanity, giving me so much with such an ungrudging lavishness, and only asking me to acknowledge it and love him!—Can I blame his sister that she helped him to discover how unworthy I was?"

"I fear," I said, "she still does you harm. She will not be here when your husband returns. I cannot believe, Isabel, that when left alone to exercise a judicious influence, you will not regain the place you have lost. There must be some tenderness left for you in his heart; your love must reanimate it."

She shook her head.

"No; I despair of it. His love and pride have both been too deeply wounded. He does not believe that what I feel is love, but caprice—the desire to regain power and influence lost. He does not think I love my children; but we cannot continue to live like this. If there is no change for the better on his return, we must part—we—"

The entrance of Mrs. Vivian arrested the conversation; she appeared in a most elaborate morning-toilet, and apparently in superabundant spirits.

"It was cruel of you to forbid my wishing my brother good-bye, Mrs. Lorimer," she said gaily. "I tried to hail him from my window; but the noise of the wheels, or his grief in parting from his Isabel, made the effort vain. I wish my engagements permitted my staying a day or two longer with you till *your* spirits had rallied."

This was intended for sarcasm, for, of course, poor Isabel was doing her best to appear cheerful and unconcerned, and, as she had said, she had always succeeded so well in this doubtful ruse as effectually to deceive her husband as well as her sister-in-law. Mrs. Vivian chatted on while taking her leisurely breakfast, until the effort of repartee became too much for Isabel, and she left the room under the excuse of going to her nursery. Left thus alone with the stranger guest, a sudden resolution seized me. I had been studying Miss Vivian's countenance for some time attentively, and I came to the conclusion that though her manners might not please me, there was no indication of want of heart, or intelligence in her physiognomy, and that I, in my turn, would make a sudden appeal. When she rose, to excuse herself for leaving me, to make her final arrangements for her departure, I begged her to remain a few minutes longer, as I had a matter of importance about which I was anxious to consult her. She reseated herself immediately, with an air of undisguised surprise; then, on a sudden, her brow clouded.

"It is about your niece?—about Mrs. Lorimer and my brother. Do not let us speak of it, my dear madam. I should be really grieved to hurt your feelings on the subject; but it is one on which I cannot trust myself to speak calmly." She was going, her tactics of retreat evidently corresponding with those of Mr. Lorimer; but I intercepted her boldly.

"Do let me speak," I urged. "I am so thoroughly convinced that Isabel is misunderstood, wronged by both of you; unconsciously, of course, but still wronged. A little explanation—"

But I had chosen my expressions ill.

"Wronged!" Mrs. Vivian repeated with flashing eyes—"wronged!"

"I beseech you to be patient," I said, half smiling. "I am but a bungling old woman, but I love my niece as my own child, and I cannot witness her unhappiness without some attempt, however awkward, to arrest it. Do you imagine she is happy, Mrs. Vivian?"

"Yes, or at least I imagine her to have a constitutional guarantee against the reverse," was the reply; "an entire unmitigated heartlessness. Oh, my dear madam, you touch a sore place by your appeal! I cannot contain myself when I think how my brother has sacrificed himself to that girl! Wise men are the greatest fools in love," she pursued rapidly; "and when they married, he doted upon her shadow. Nothing he could give her was too good for her, or rather he never considered how much he gave her. I never liked the marriage; but I would have held my peace, and received her as a sister, had she loved him. But she cared nothing for him! How dared she sell herself thus? and accept not only his wealth and position, but his true noble affection as mere tribute to her puerile attractions, without having anything to give in exchange—not even a heart? What did she reckon herself worth? and, good Heavens! how long the man was befooled!"

Mrs. Vivian paused, exhausted, and I tried to seize my opportunity.

"Granted that she was guilty of marrying him without loving him," I said; "consider the great temptations offered, not by his position chiefly, but by the ardor of his own passion; and at least she was free from the greater guilt of loving any one else. Ah, I understand your sneer, Mrs. Vivian, but I repeat you wrong Isabel. She may have been selfish, weak, and vain, and have had her young head turned by flattery—her husband's flattery more than any other—but she has a heart; she feels deeply, passionately; she repents the past; she loves her husband now."

Mrs. Vivian shook her head scornfully.

"She deceives you, perhaps she deceives herself. She repents the loss of his love, I doubt not, because it involves the loss of her power; she may even, in the spirit of coquetry, be anxious to possess herself of it again. But love—that is, unselfish affection—is beyond her. I think it probable she may dread the consequences of this alienation, but she need not be afraid; my brother is so chivalrous that, did he feel her a heavier burden than he does, he would not shake her off at the expense of her own humiliation."

My cheek flushed. I felt too indignant to find words. Mrs. Vivian perceived it, and continued more gently—

"We view this matter very differently, of course; but you must remember I have this advantage over you—I have been a witness of their married life—of his devotion, patience, and blindness, of her egregious vanity, exigence, and selfishness. But it is over now; she can never delude him again. From the moment he became convinced all his love had been wasted—that there had never been a moment's response to his disinterested affection—that, in fact, she had married him for his money—the enchantment was dispelled. What he has suffered, God only knows. I imagine I hear the tone of his voice now as when he said to me: 'She *never* loved me, Caroline; she deceived me from the first kiss;' and can you wonder that my indignation is so strong?"

I was silent. I felt it would be vain to protest.

"I must go," she said, rising. "We will not quarrel over this matter—you and I;" and she held out her hand with a smile.

"Only one word more," I said, retaining it. *If*—you may admit it as a possibility—*if* there should ever be a hope of reconciliation, you will not mar it? I mean, you will not use your influence against the wife?"

"Impossible!" she said; but my importunity succeeded in winning the promise from her.

When Mrs. Vivian came down stairs to take her departure, Isabel was standing in the hall, waiting to bid her guest farewell. Little Lily was clinging to her side, timid, tender, and silent as seemed her wont. The sight of the fair mother and child thus linked together, seemed to touch Mrs. Vivian. Yielding to what was evidently a sudden impulse, she went up to Isabel, and took her hand.

"Good-bye, Mrs. Lorimer. I cannot help feeling a kind of pity for you, in spite of your conduct—in spite, too, of your contemptuous disclaimer," she added, smiling, for Isabel had winced at the expression, and drawing up her graceful neck, looked haughtily down upon the sympathiser. "Have you any idea," pursued Mrs. Vivian, after a moment's reflection, "what business it is that takes your husband to Glasgow at this particular time? No! I hardly think Lorimer is right to leave you unwarned that there is a fearful chance of your losing all that you value highest. The shock may be too much for you."

I feared an ebullition of passion from Isabel, but she had learned many a lesson of self-control since I had known her as a girl, and she only looked contemptuous.

"My husband's absence constrains me to bear his sister's insults in silence," she replied, with an air of dignity; "and I wish to know nothing that he chooses to keep back from me. Kiss your aunt, Lily, and bid her good-by."

And so parted the sisters.

It was not entirely a melancholy time that Isabel and I passed together during the protracted absence of her husband. The country was so beautiful, and all the elegant appliances of enjoyment which we had at command were so pleasantly new to me, that I found it impossible to resist external influences. Besides, I have a passion for children, and even had I not, I must have loved Isabel's. Baby Bella was a paragon of infantile vigor and beauty, and Lily had all the exquisite tenderness and sweetness of a child destined to but brief probation. To Isabel it was a great relief to have some one with her to whom she could confide all the incidents, faults, and disappointments of her married life, and who never wearied of speculating with her on her chances of reconciliation and happiness. Besides, she was free to follow the bent of her feelings; she had no part to play, no spurious pride to maintain. Mr. Lorimer's letters were not of a cheering character; they were cold and reserved in style, and spoke of his business engagements as of a momentous and disastrous character, without further explanation. Isabel seemed strangely indifferent on the subject, except as it might affect her husband's happiness; but I confess I was not so unworldly. I wrote to my brother, and requested him to let me know what rumors were afloat in London respecting the firm of Glitter & Co. The answer I received alarmed me. Hitherto, I had never heard Robert express anything but the most extreme admiration for the vast extent, financial management, and unlimited credit of the establishment; now, he wrote as if it had been from its commencement a huge swindle. He said its solvency was doubted, its credit shaken, its immense wealth a delusion. "I believe Lorimer is the only moneyed man of the batch, and when the crash comes, as come it will, as far as his means go, he will have to pay the piper. Had he been the prudent man and affectionate husband I thought him, he would have settled that fine estate of his on Isabel and her children at the time of his marriage. If he has not taken the precaution of entailing it, which I very much doubt, he and everything must go to the dogs." Then followed unreasonable and selfish regrets for his daughter, "who might have done so much better," which I spare the reader.

This letter made me miserable. I dared not tell Isabel, for I did not feel at liberty to do so, when her husband kept her in ignorance of his affairs, added to which, I knew not what measure of belief to yield to my brother's statements. There was nothing for it but to wait; but every proof of wealth, every sign of luxury around me, became irksome and intolerable. Poor Lily's tiny pony-chair, with its miniature steed, to procure which, from its native island, no expense or trouble had been spared—even the very baby's lace robes—assumed a melancholy and sinister aspect to my morbid vision. Isabel's costly dresses, of which she was so careless, distressed me; the daily elegance of the table-appointments, gave me a pang. I went about under a cloud, or rather under a painful illumination which I dared not shed on my companion. The ordeal, however, was not destined to last very long. One morning, about a fortnight after I had heard from my brother, Isabel dropped her husband's bi-weekly letter with a sudden exclamation. I looked up, frightened, yet half-relieved at the sight of her pale face and excited manner. Had the crash come? Had he told her? I perceived she had stretched out her hand eagerly for the morning paper, which still lay unopened on the table; but her agitation bewildered her. She took it up aimlessly, then put it down, and turned again to the letter, which her trembling hand could scarcely hold.

"Isabel, my darling, my poor child!" I cried, going up to her, and kissing her with fervor—"is—is Mr. Lorimer well?"

She put the letter in my hand.

"Read it; give me a few minutes, and then come to me, Aunt Sarah;" and she left the room.

Poor girl! she could not but feel it.

Mr. Lorimer's letter began as follows:

"I take great blame to myself, Isabel, that I have kept you ignorant of the state of my affairs until the public papers will announce my ruin to the world at large this morning; but I have hoped against hope that this calamity might have been averted, and your peace of mind undisturbed."

The Times of that morning curtly announced that Messrs. Glitter of London had stopped payment, and that their liabilities were supposed to be enormous. There was no comment; the public were to wait for detail and criticism.

When I joined Isabel, I found her walking up and down her dressing-room, holding her baby in her arms. She looked comparatively calm, but there was an expression of deep anxiety in her face.

I began at once to enter on the subject, for I wished to harden her for its discussion.

"Now the blow has fallen," she said, "I feel it keenly. I feel it chiefly for my husband, who, I imagine, has never contemplated the possibility of being poor. I cannot conceive how he will meet it. If there is any disgrace attending it, it will kill him, for he is a proud man. Aunt Sarah," she added passionately, "do you think this trouble will open his heart to me? Do you think he will allow me to love him and console him? There is not a kind word in his letter, not a relenting phrase. Oh! I know how he feels—more bitterly against me than ever, for he thinks he has lost all I loved or cared for."

"But now, dear child, you will be able to prove your love."

"How? Have I anything I can give him—any resource for bread-getting? Oh, it *is* hard! Lily, my tender flower, will never thrive as a poor man's child. And I—oh, aunt, I love wealth and ease dearly, dearly! Poverty will be bitter—" Her tears choked her.

"To bitter a price to pay for your husband's love?" I asked.

I had no wish to blame her inconsistency, or reproach her for her lack of heroism. I knew she was showing me the conflict of her heart, and it seemed to me but a natural one. She was a disciplined, high-minded woman, but a passionate, disappointed girl, shrinking, at first sight, from the trouble which I firmly believed she would, in the end, find strength and courage to endure and overcome.

"Ah! if I dared to hope that," she murmured, kissing her child, "I could bear anything. I shall soon know my fate. Oh! how shall I live till to-morrow?"

Her endurance was not exercised so long; that very evening Mr. Lorimer arrived unexpectedly by a late train. The day had been wet and chilly, and Isabel had ordered a fire in her dressing-room, over which she and I were sitting in melancholy mood, wearied of the fruitless yet incessant discussion of chances, at the time of his arrival. Isabel sprang up on hearing the sound of his voice in the hall. "What shall I do?" she exclaimed, clasping her hands. "I am so afraid of injuring my cause by over-precipitancy, so afraid of being misunderstood—repulsed. How shall I persuade him that I love him?"

"My darling, it seems to me it has become a very easy task."

We heard his voice approaching in the direction of our room. "On no account disturb yourmistress," he was saying to Isabel's maid; "she had no idea I should return to-night."

Isabel threw open the door, and stood smiling in the entrance, her dress, figure, and lovely face touched with a charming illumination from the blazing pine-logs. I thought what a charming, inviting vision she must appear to the harrassed, wearied wanderer coming in from the dark night.

Mr Lorimer stopped abruptly; he did not advance towards her. She had not spoken; but though I could not see the expression of her face, the light fell upon his, and showed me the intent, searching gaze.

"Maurice, dare I give you a welcome?"

She sprang forward, and threw her arms round his neck. Is it possible that he can put her from him without a moment's return of the old love—an involuntary response to the thrilling embrace? Yes; he frees himself gently but coldly, and taking her by the hand, leads her back without a word into the room. He has her now in the full blaze of the firelight, and he still keeps his hold of her hand—his scrutiny of her face. How altered has his own become; how pale and worn! When he spoke at length the mingled restraint and anguish of his voice made my heart ache. "You have not received my letter this morning, Isabel! You are always a careless student of the newspaper? You do not know?"

"Here is your letter, there lies the newspaper. I am sorry, Maurice—I am deeply sorry. I love wealth, as you know; I dread poverty; but if it was the only price at which your faith in me could be bought, I am glad we are poor. I have not always loved you—but I love you now; I have not done my duty hitherto—I will try and do it now. Believe me—help me!"

He turned from her, and covered his face with his hand.

"It is a woman's generosity," he said; "the sex's passion for self-sacrifice!"

"It is a woman's passion, a wife's love," she answered, raising her glowing face. "Maurice, is it for me to plead?" She made as if she would have knelt before him, and threw her arms round his knees.

I waited just one-half moment to assure myself, with an old woman's love of demonstration, that she did not plead in vain. I saw him raise her in his arms, saw the passionate kiss that sealed the renewed troth, and indistinctly heard, as I flitted away through the dim corridor, the tones of his voice tremulous with more than a lover's fervor.

Three months later Mr. and Mrs. Lorimer sailed for Montreal, where the former had a brother established as a merchant. There were not many tears shed by either, for in that time their love and mutual dependence had grown so strong and intimate that no grief seemed intolerable which they shared together. In the arrangement of his affairs he had been actuated but by one motive—to satisfy every claim as far as the most scrupulous honor dictated, even to the last fraction of his estate. Three hundred a year had been affixed to Isabel by marriage settlement, but by some legal inadvertency the deed proved invalid, and her little fortune went in the general wreck. Mr. Lorimer regretted the loss, but I know Isabel was glad of it. Her last words as we parted on the deck of the vessel were to me. "We shall not come back to Old England again," she said gaily, "till we have grown rich enough to buy back Morton Leas; so don't fail to let us know when it is in the market."

This was said ten years ago, and now my old heart beats with the hope of seeing them once more. To-day I received my periodical letter from Montreal, and what says Isabel?—"We are coming home, Aunt Sarah, to realize my prophecy. Morton Leas is in the market, though you have kept a treacherous silence; nay, it is doubtless our own already. Tell my father that Maurice says there shall be no delay in making a rigorous entail of the estate; and how proud shall you and I be, my beloved aunt-mother, to watch our boy flying his kite over his inalienable acres!"

THE

DEATH DAY OF AN INFANT IN SPAIN.

"May God grant you health to send many children to glory." Such was the salutation given by Juan Perez, the dandy par excellence and the best songster of the village of Chiclana, as he entered, guitar in hand, to take a prominent part in the song and dance, customary on such occasions among the lower orders in Spain.

And what was the motive for congratulation? The death of an infant. It was conceived to have been regenerated by baptism, was too young to have known sin, and therefore its soul was believed to be at once admitted to eternal bliss; no Hades, no purgatory for that lamb without blemish. It had left this sad world of passing joys and prolonged sorrows, of fleeting smiles and many tears, of trials, temptations, and struggles, of sickness and pain, and had soared in happy flight to heaven.

No outward garb of mourning is worn in Spain on the demise of a child under seven years of age; but it is only on the death of a *young* infant that the salutation is congratulatory, instead of sympathetic, and the reunion of relatives and friends a joyous one, and not one of condolence.

The room was scrupulously clean; the walls were freshly whitewashed; the brick floor was of a bright red; black painted low chairs with rush-bottom seats were closely ranged in a circle; a charcoal brazier in its wide-rimmed wooden stand (which serves as a footstool) was placed in the centre. In the corner a "velador," or very small but high circular table, used exclusively as a stand for the "velon," a brass lamp of a quaint and very ancient form, jutting out into three light holders from the centre, and fed with a triune wick, the same as those used by the Jews in their synagogues from the time of the Levitical law; as also with them the triangular chandelier, everything being a type of the Trinity—the Three in One—whether prophetical as with the Jews, or in memoriam by the primitive Christians. Many of the iron and clay Roman lamps were of the same triune form, though without the pedestal.

This room opened into the kitchen. Copper saucepans, bright as burnished gold, were hung against the wall, and within the large chimney were suspended strings of onions and garlic; and in a netted bag the far-famed sausages, one of the principal ingredients of the "olla," the daily and universal dish. On a wooden table in the middle of the room was a large porous jar full of water, one tray of sweet biscuits and cakes, and another of "panales," a sweetmeat made of white of egg and sugar, which it is customary to take before or whilst drinking water.

There was no light in this room, yet it was bright from that reflected from the other, not by the solitary velon on its tripod stand, but from the blaze of light in the opposite corner.

The parents were poor; but they would, if necessary, have pawned everything they possessed rather than not have purchased the eight large wax lights that illumined the image of the Virgin and Child on an improvised altar, and the features of the dead in its little open coffin, placed on trestles: on the corner of each trestle was fixed a candle, and four others on the altar: both were strewed with fresh flowers.

The babe was dressed in its christening clothes, its little hands clasped over its chest, and holding some everlastings and a tiny rude wooden crucifix. The long black eye-lashes rested on its dark pallid cheek, and the ebon curls pressed out from the *toca* (muslin shawl), put over its head and crossed over the breast.

One chair was placed out of the circle at the foot of the wee coffin, and there had sat the young mother until the arrival of the guests, when she placed herself by her husband's side to receive the reiterated salutation, "May God grant you health to send many children of the same age to glory." A short *gracias* ("thank you") was the father's reply, as he puffed his paper cigar. The mother smiled a welcome, but the quivering lip and stifled sigh proved how great was the effort to control her grief.

Juan Perez stood at the door installing himself as master of the ceremonies. He was the best barber, the best singer, and the best dancer in the village, handsome, too, withal, and a bachelor; and many a rustic beauty's eye beamed with pleasure as she received a passing compliment when he stood at his porch, or a flower for her hair from his little garden. He was now in his element.

"Your eyes are large as my desires, dark as my despair," he half whispered to one.

"Your breath is like orange-flowers distilled through pearls and rubies," he said to a girl, whose coral lips and white teeth deserved the simile, as she smiled on saluting him.

"I trust your skirt is sufficiently short to show that taper ankle and well-formed *pantorilla* when you dance the first fandango with me."

A happy nod of acquiescence, as the first to dance with the village favorite, was the reply.

For each, as she passed the porch, he had an appropriate compliment, and his speaking eyes acquiesced in the admiration he expressed.

Almost every woman brought in her hand a bunch of flowers, which she strewed over the

babe as she passed the coffin, until it was embedded in their bright colors, forming a startling contrast to the dark hue death was spreading over that little face. The room was full, and the wild song commenced; each singing a verse in rotation to the inspiring accompaniment of the guitar and the shout of "Bien cantao Morena!" "Bien! salero!" "Viva la gracia!" &c., which issued from the men as a witty or loving verse struck their fancy. Soon, however, the castanets were adjusted, and Juanito sprang from his seat. A fandango was called for, and he claimed his promised partner.

No one who has not witnessed it can conceive the mad enthusiasm of the lower orders in Spain for their national music and dances. They are the language of love in all its phases. The verses which commenced in rotation became a chorus; every one keeping time by clapping their hands, if they had no castanets; until Juanito and Pepa sat down breathless with their exertions, amidst a round of applause.

"Boleras, Sequidillas, and Zapateados" followed, when Dolores (or the "Arab-eyed," as she was generally named), was called upon to dance the "Vito." She was about eighteen years of age, rather short in stature, but might have served as a model to a sculptor, so round and beautifully moulded was every limb; and so elastic her step, that she scarcely seemed to rest her diminutive foot on the ground as she walked. She stood up, and took from Juanito his hat and neckerchief; the first she put on her head, the second round her throat, and threw herself into all kinds of beautiful and graceful attitudes, sometimes using the hat as a tambourine, the neckerchief as a wreath, her large dark eyes full of fire, or disdain; now soft as a summer breeze, full of tenderness and love, now wooingly advancing, now coquettishly retreating, until at last, of the hat she made a shield, and the neckerchief she twisted up as a sword, and feigned to kill Juanito. Alas! no feigning for him; his heart and soul lay prostrate at her feet, but she loved another. Her affections were fixed on the sailor boy she had known from her infancy, and to whom she was betrothed. Deafening was the burst of enthusiasm when the "Vito" was finished.

"Blessed be the God who formed anything so divine. We adore him in adoring you."

"Well may the sun say as you look up, 'Fly, for you burn me,' and hide behind a cloud."

"The houris Mahomet promises to the faithful can't be compared to you, glory of my soul."

"The land the Blessed Virgin favors must bring forth divine flowers."

Such were some of the exclamations that could be heard amidst the din of voices. The only silent one was Juanito. Where was his ready wit? Deep feeling had paralysed it, but his dark eye dilated as he gazed on her; his cheek was pale—his lips tightly compressed, to keep back the longing, hopeless sigh that burned in his heart. He clenched his hands, and turned quickly to the adjoining room and gulped a large tumbler of cold water. The rest followed and partook of the frugal refreshments above described.

* * * * * * *

But what sound broke on their ears, at a momentary pause in their merry-making?

The young mother apostrophising and sobbing over her first-born and lost babe. She had left the merry circle as soon as the song commenced; and, unseen and unheeded, had sat down to pray, with her rosary in her hand, at the foot of the coffin; but when they retired to the next room, and she was alone, the rush of feeling so long pent up burst forth. 'Tis true her darling's soul was in Heaven, but was she not on earth? She saw before her the little form that a few hours ago she had hugged to her heart warm with life, buoyant in health.

With such agony she had brought it into the world; with such love had welcomed it! One passing convulsion seized it whilst nestled in her bosom, and in one hour she gazed, for the first time, on Death!

Silently they gathered round her, and the eyes which, a few minutes since, sparkled with mirth, were suffused with tears as they bade her good-night and left her.

The men returned the next morning to accompany the babe to its last resting-place.

☞ A Touch Story.—A cat belonging to a widow lady in Ohio, lately sat upon a half dozen of duck's eggs, and continued her attention until the eggs were hatched; and there is now a fine brood of six young ones, half duck and half cat, having duck heads and cat tails; but, what is more wonderful, *they mew and quack alternately!*

☞ A New England writer says that it has been found that negroes can be better trusted than white men, not to betray secrets. We suppose this is upon the principle that they always *keep dark.*

☞ I've seen pretty clear ever since I was a young 'un, as religion's something else besides notions. It isn't notions sets people doing the right thing—it's *feelings.*—*Adam Bede.*

☞ When young Hodge first came up to town his father told him it would be polite when being helped at dinner, to say to the host, "Half that, if you please." It so happened that at the first dinner to which he was invited, a sucking-pig was one of the dishes. The host, pointing with his knife to the young porker, asked, "Well, Mr. Hodge, will you have this our favorite dish, or haunch of mutton." Upon which, recollecting his lesson, he replied, "Half that, if you please," to the consternation of all present.

☞ An empire is never so weak, says Montesquieu, as when every village is fortified.

☞ A good story is told of an Irish hostler, who was sent to the stable to bring forth a traveller's horse. Not knowing which of the two strange horses in the stalls belonged to the traveller, and wishing to avoid the appearance of ignorance in his business, he saddled both animals and brought them to the door. The traveller pointed out his own horse, saying, "That's my nag." "Certainly, yer honor, I know that very well, but I didn't know which was the other gentleman's."

☞ Sweet is the pipe; sweet is the lute, say they who have never listened to the prattle of their own children.—*Hindoo Maxim.*

SUNNYSIDE.

DECEMBER 1, 1859.

[The beauty of the day on which Mr. Irving's funeral took place, and the charming aspect of the surrounding country, in the glorious sunshine which then closed our long Indian Summer, have prompted the ensuing lines which we have from the pen of a friend of the departed author, himself eminent in the world of letters.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*]

The dear, quaint cottage, as we pass,
No clambering rose or locusts hide,
And dead leaves fleck the matted grass
And shadow rests on Sunnyside;

Not by the flying cloud-rack cast,
Nor by the summer foliage bred,
The life-long shadow which the Past
Lets fall where cherished joys have fled.

For he whose fancy wove a spell
As lasting as the scene is fair,
That makes the mountain, stream and dell
His own dream-life forever share;

He who with England's household gra
And with the brave romance of Spai
Tradition's lore and Nature's face
Imbued his visionary brain;

Mused in Granada's old arcade
As gushed the Moorish fount at noo
With the last minstrel thoughtful strag
To ruined shrines beneath the moon

And breathed the tenderness and wit
Thus garnered, in expression pure,
As now his thoughts with humor flit,
And now to pathos wisely lure;

Who traced, with sympathetic hand,
Our peerless chieftain's high career;
His life, that gladdened all the land,
And blessed a home—is ended here.

What pensive charms of nature brood
O'er the familiar scene to-day,
As if, with smile and tear, she wooed
Our hearts a mutual rite to pay!

The river that he loved so well,
Like a full heart, is awed to calm,
The winter air that wafts his knell
Is fragrant with autumnal balm.

A veil of mist hangs soft and low
Above the Catskills' wooded range,
While sunbeams on the slope below
Their shrouds to robes of glory chang

How to the mourner's patient sight
Glide the tall sails along the shore,
Like a procession clad in white
Down a vast temple's crystal floor.

So light the haze, its floating shades,
Like tears through which we dimly se
With incense crown the Palisades,
With purple wreathe the Tappan Zee

And ne'er did more serene repose
Of clouds and sunshine, brook and bra
Round Sleepy Hollow fondly close,
Than on its lover's burial-day. H. T.

Agricultural Convention and Lectures at Yale College.—It is proposed to have what may be termed a great agricultural "practical meeting" at Yale College during the present winter, to last throughout the whole month of February. The exercises are to consist of lectures by leading reliable men, eminent in the different departments of agriculture, horticulture, stock-raising, etc. About eighty lectures are provided for—two to four each day—each lecture to be followed by conversational exercises, questions to the lecturers, and discussions. Twenty or thirty gentlemen, well known in agriculture, besides the professors in Yale College, are engaged to take part in the exercises as lecturers and teachers, while numerous other eminent agriculturists and horticulturists have expressed their intention to be present and participate in the discussions.

Among the lecturers are Lewis F. Allen, C. M. Clay and Francis Rotch, on Cattle; Seford Howard and Dr. Gulliver, on Horses; C. L. Flint and others, on the Dairy; Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, Dr. C. W. Grant, Messrs. P. Barry and R. G. Pardee, on Fruits; Prof. Porter on Organic Chemistry; Prof. S. W. Johnson on Agricultural Chemistry; Prof. B. Silliman Jr., on Meteorology; J. Stanton Gould, on Grasses and Irrigation; Judge French on Drainage; Joseph Harris, on Cereals; Prof. Brewer on Commercial Plants, (flax, hemp, tobacco, &c.;) Geo. B. Emerson, on Forest Trees; Dr. Armstock, on Fish Culture; Donald G. Mitchell, (Ik Marvel,) on Rural Economy.

The whole is to be free, except the nominal charge of say ten dollars or less to meet the necessary expenses of lecturers and other incidentals. The occasion will doubtless be one of great interest to cultivators generally, and all together a large attendance from all parts of the country. Inquiries with reference to this project may be addressed to Prof. John A. Porter, New Haven, Conn.—*Agriculturist.*

A Letter from Louis Napoleon.—Four Liverpool merchants, concluded "after dinner," one day, that they would write to Louis Napoleon, respecting his intentions. They did so, and unexpectedly received the following answer:—

Palace of the Tuileries

To Messrs. Shaw, Mellotrig & Co., Blackwall.

Gentlemen:—You have written to the Emperor to know what his intentions are as regards England. Great fears or great confidence should alone explain this step. On the one side you are possessed with an imaginary trouble, which appears to have seized upon your country with the rapidity of an epidemic, and on the other hand you reckon upon the loyalty of him from whom you desire a reply. It was easy for yourselves, however, to give it. If you had calmly examined the true state of your apprehensions, that cause you had duly found in all the rumors created by your fellow-countrymen, by the obstinate propagation of the most chimerical alarms, because until now there was not a word or an act of the Emperor's which permits a doubt of his sentiments, and consequently of his intentions towards your country. His conduct, invariably the same, has not changed a moment to show his faithful and irreproachable ally that what he has been he will, I declare it to you in his name, continue to be. Witness again the approaching community of perils to be shared at a distance by your soldiers and ours. Great nations should appreciate but not fear each other.

Receive, gentlemen, the expression of my distinguished sentiments. [Signed,]

The Secretary of the Emperor,
Chief du Cabinet.

The Great Eastern Steamship.—The Observer says:—It is stated that an offer has been made by Mr. Lever for the purchase of the ship, of the most liberal character. The terms are said to be £60,000 down, to form a working capital to complete the ship, to charter her for twelve months, pay the shareholders five per cent. in advance, and to have the option of purchasing the ship for £330,000, being the amount of capital of the present company. The company seems to be in a bad way again.

HARPER'S FERRY.

The Last Act of the Tragedy—Attempt to Escape—Final Executions, &c.

Charlestown, Dec. 16.—We have had an exciting time during the past twenty-four hours, which has just closed with the execution of the four prisoners.

It order to give a correct understanding of what has transpired, we furnish a succinct narrative of the events since yesterday morning.

Arrival of Strangers, Etc.—Throughout the day there was a great influx of strangers and citizens of the county, who were flocking in to witness the last act of the Harper's Ferry tragedy.

The vigilance exercised at the railroad depot, on the arrival of a train, was not stringent, as on the occasion of the execution of Brown, and but little difficulty was experienced in getting into town.

A Grand Dress Parade.—Shortly after the arrival of the train in the afternoon, a grand military dress-parade of all the companies in attendance, took place. The place selected for the parade was the immense field in which Brown was executed, and on which the gallows for the execution of the remaining prisoners was being erected. The companies drilled into four battalions, the whole body being under the command of Col. Weiserberger, of the Petersburg Regiment. Lieut. Israel Green, of the United States Marines, acting as Adjutant.—The troops went through their evolutions with great skill, and were reviewed by General Talliaferro.

The Prisoners Yesterday.—The prisoners were visited yesterday afternoon by the Rev. Messrs. Hassan, Dutton and North, of the Presbyterian Church, and Rev. Beverly Waugh, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The services in the cells were of an interesting and solemn character, and were participated in by all the condemned, though it is now evident, from subsequent events, that Cook and Coppie at least were "playing possum," as their minds must have been fixed on life and liberty rather than death and eternity, at the time they were making outward protestations of resignation. They all gave an unqualified assent to the conviction of religious truth, and each expressed a hope of salvation in the world to come. Cook and Coppie were the loudest in their professions of a change of heart, and in the hope of Divine forgiveness. They freely admitted their guilt, and acknowledged their doom a just one, and that, in the main, they have been treated with the utmost kindness by all, though they thought that some of the witnesses were rather harsh in their testimony.

The ministers imagined that they had discovered a decidedly favorable change in the condition of Cook's mind since his interview with his sister. Up to that time his calmness and bravery were regarded as proceeding from a lack of feeling, but on leaving him yesterday afternoon, they reported that he had been led to seek forgiveness, in his protestations of religious convictions and hopes of forgiveness—all of which were undoubtedly intended to hoodwink their project of escape.

Cook has been visited throughout his imprisonment by the Rev. N. Green North, at the request of the prisoner, as also of Govs. Wise and Willard.

Rev. Mr. North was present at an interview between Coppie and Mr. Butler, a Quaker gentleman from Ohio, who raised the prisoner.—He describes the interview as an affecting one, and speaks highly of Mr. Butler's Christian deportment and advice to the prisoner. Mr. Butler says that Coppie was a trusty, but very wilful boy. An uncle of Coppie, of the same name, from Ohio, his father's brother, also visited him yesterday, the interview lasting for over an hour. He seemed in much distress at the sad fate which awaits his relative.

This was the condition of the town, the prisoners and the military, up to seven o'clock last evening. All apprehensions of an intended rescue had long since been banished, and nothing was thought of but the approaching execution, whilst the overflowing throng of strangers were hunting quarters for the night.

The Attempted Escape.—At a quarter past 8 o'clock last evening, the whole town was thrown into commotion by the report of a rifle under the jail wall, followed by several other shots from the vicinity of the guard-house, in close proximity to the jail.

The military were called to arms, and the excitement was intense—beyond anything that has yet occurred during our ever memorable era of military occupation. In a few minutes the streets and avenues of the town were in possession of armed men, and it was with some difficulty that the cause of all this turmoil could be ascertained. Rumors of every description were afloat, and it was at one time thought that the prisoners had overpowered their guards, and made their escape, and then that an attack had been made on the jail by parties attempting to rescue the prisoners. It was dangerous for a citizen to go out to ascertain the true cause of the excitement, and rumors of the most extensive character floated in, to be contradicted the next moment by citizens who had been driven in from the streets.

The sentinel stationed near the jail reported that at a quarter past 8 o'clock, he observed a man on the jail wall, whom he challenged, and receiving no answer, fired at him. The head of another man was also seen above the wall, but he retreated as soon as the first one had been fired at. The man on the top of the wall seemed at first determined to persist, and was about making an attempt to jump down when the sentinel declared his intention of impaling him on his bayonet. He then retreated into the jail yard, with Coppie, and both gave themselves up without further resistance. Cook afterwards remarked that if he could have got over and throttled the guard he would have made his escape. The Shenandoah mountains are within ten minutes run of the jail wall, and had he have reached them, with his thorough knowledge of the mountains, his arrest would have been difficult, especially as but few of the military could have followed him during the night.

They had succeeded, after two weeks labor, whenever alone, and at night, when their bed clothing muffled the sounds of a saw which they had made out of an old Barlow knife, in cutting through their iron shackles, so that they could pry them off at any moment they should have their other work completed. They had also made a sort of chisel out of an old bed screw, with which they succeeded, as opportunity would offer, in removing the plaster from the wall, and then, brick after brick, until a space sufficient for them to pass through was opened, all except the removal of the outer brick.

The part of the wall on which they operated was in the rear of the beds on which they slept, and the beds, being pushed against the wall, completely hid their work from view. The bricks they took out were concealed in the drum of a stove, and the dirt and plaster removed in the course of their work was placed between the bed clothing. They acknowledged that they had been at work a whole week in making the aperture in the wall. Their cell being on the first floor, the aperture was not more than five feet above the pavement of the yard, and, when freed of their shackles, their access to the yard was quite easy. Here, however, was a smooth brick wall, about fifteen feet high, to scale. This difficulty was, however, soon overcome, with the aid of the timbers of the scaffold on which Capt. Brown was hung, and which were intended for their execution on the succeeding day. They placed these against the wall, and soon succeeded in reaching the top, from which they could have easily dropped to the other side, had not the vigilance of the sentinel on duty so quickly checked their movements. They were arrested in the jail yard, by Gen. Talliaferro and an officer of the day, who rushed to the jail the moment the alarm was given. Gen. Talliaferro immediately telegraphed to Gov. Wise, informing him of the frustrated attempt of the prisoners. His answer directed that the military should immediately take possession of the interior of the jail, and guard the prisoners until they were executed.

Sheriff Campbell and Capt. Avis are of course much chagrined at this narrow escape of their prisoners, especially as they had resisted all interference of the military with the interior discipline of the jail.

The prisoners were shrewd and cunning fellows, and they were undoubtedly without any accomplices in their undertaking. Their friends, who were still here, were also fearful that they might be suspected of having knowledge of the attempt. The general impression is that if the prisoners had waited until midnight or later, they might have reached the mountains. But it is presumed they were fearful of being watched during the night or desired to have as much of darkness as possible to gain a good distance before daylight would allow of a general pursuit.

Preparations for the Execution.—At daybreak this morning the reveille was sounded from the various barracks, announcing the dawn of the day of execution, and soon the whole community was astir.

At 9 o'clock the entire military force in attendance was placed on Main street, and the officers reported themselves at head-quarters for duty. The companies detailed for field duty around the gallows, immediately took up the line of march, and at half-past 9 o'clock were in the positions assigned them in the field. The companies detailed for escort duty took up their position in front of the jail, awaiting orders.

Execution of Copeland and Green.—At half-past 10 o'clock, Gen. Talliaferro, with his staff, numbering about twenty-five officers, having given orders to prepare the two negro prisoners, Shields Green and John Copeland, for execution, took their departure to join the main body of troops on the field. The military then formed a hollow square around the jail, and an open wagon containing the coffins of the prisoners drew up in front, with a carriage to convey Sheriff Campbell and his deputies. The crowd of citizens and strangers was very great—at least five times as numerous as on the occasion of Brown's execution—most of whom were already on the field, whilst others waited to see the prisoners brought out.

The religious ceremonies in the cell were very impressive, and were conducted by the Rev. Mr. North, of the Presbyterian, and the Rev. Mr. Beverly Waugh, of the M. E. Church. At a quarter before 11 o'clock, the prisoners, accompanied by Sheriff Campbell and the Rev. Mr. North, appeared at the jail door, and, with their arms pinioned, moved slowly forward towards the vehicle in waiting for them. They seemed downcast, and wore some of that calm, fearless spirit evinced by Brown under similar circumstances. They were helped into the wagon and took seats on the coffins without scarcely looking to the right or left. The escort now commenced to move, the wagon being closely flanked on either side by a company of riflemen, marching in double file and lock step.

At seven minutes before 11 o'clock, the procession entered the field occupied by the military, and the prisoners cast a shuddering glance towards the gallows erected on the rising ground in its centre. In two minutes more the wagon stopped at the foot of the gallows, and whilst the prisoners were alighting the companies forming the escort moved off to the position assigned them on the field.

The prisoners mounted the scaffold with a firm step, and were immediately joined by Sheriff Campbell. After a brief prayer by one of the clergymen, the caps were drawn over their heads and the ropes adjusted around their necks. During the few moments they thus stood, Copeland remained quiet, but Green was engaged in earnest prayer up to the moment the trap was drawn, and they were launched into eternity. Green died very easy, his neck being broken by the fall, and the motion of his body was very slight. Copeland seemed to suffer very much, and his body writhed in violent contortions for several minutes. They were accompanied on the gallows by the Rev. Messrs. Waugh, North and Lehr, to whom they bade an affectionate farewell, and expressed the hope of meeting them in Heaven.

The bodies, after being cut down, were placed in poplar coffins and carried back to the jail. They will be interred to-morrow, on the spot where the gallows stands, though there is a party of medical students here from Winchester, who will doubtless not allow them to remain there long.

Execution of Cook and Coppie.—The bodies of the two negro prisoners having been brought back to the jail at about a quarter to 12 o'clock, notice was given to Cook and Coppie that their time was approaching, only one hour more being allowed them. The military movements similar to those at the first execution, were repeated, and a wagon with two more coffins was standing at the door of the jail at 12½ o'clock. The same military escort was in readiness. Meanwhile, the closing religious ceremonies were progressing in the cell. Since the failure of the attempt of Cook and Coppie to escape last night, that assumed composure and apparent resignation had given way, and they now looked at the reality of their fate with the full conviction of its awful certainty. They were reserved and rather quiet, but joined with fervor in the religious ceremonies conducted by the Rev. Messrs. North, Lehr and Waugh. When called upon by the Sheriff, they stood calmly and quietly whilst their arms were being pinioned—and after bidding farewell to the guards of the jail, were helped into the wagon and took seats on their coffins. Their appearance was rather that of hopeless despair than of resignation, and they seemed to take but little notice of anything as the procession slowly moved on to the field of death.

The wagon reached the scaffold at thirteen minutes before one o'clock, and the prisoners ascended with a determined firmness, scarcely surpassed by that of Capt. Brown. A brief prayer was offered up by one of the clergymen, the ropes were adjusted, the caps drawn over their heads, and both were launched into eternity in seven minutes after they ascended the gallows. They both exhibited the most unflinching firmness, saying nothing, with the exception of bidding farewell to the ministers and Sheriff.

After the rope was adjusted about Cook's neck, he exclaimed, "Be quick, as quick as possible!" which was also repeated by Coppie. After hanging about thirty minutes both bodies were taken down, and placed in black walnut coffins, prepared for them. That of Cook was then placed in a poplar box, labelled and directed as follows:

"Ashbell P. Willard & Robert Crowley, 104 William street, New York, care of Adams' Express."

The coffin of Coppie was placed in a similar box, to be forwarded to his mother in Iowa.

Another Account.—Harper's Ferry, Dec. 16.—The prisoners Cook and Coppie were visited by Rev. Messrs. North, Waugh and Lehr.

Previous to their departure for the scaffold the prisoners were engaged, in the entrance, in washing their feet and putting on their underclothing.

Captain Avis told them if they had anything to say that they could say it then in the presence of fifteen or twenty persons.

Mr. Cook replied that he was grateful indeed for the kindness shown him by Sheriff Campbell, the jailor and the guards, to Rev. Messrs. Waugh, North, Littell, Lehr and other ministers, who had manifested such interest in his welfare, and Messrs. Jos. P. Blessen and John J. Lecke, as well as the citizens generally, for their kindness towards him.

At this point Coppie looked up and said, "Them's my sentiments too, gentlemen."

Cook then gave directions in regard to one or two articles; one of them, a breastpin, he did not want taken off then nor at the scaffold. He wished it given to his wife or his boy, if he lived. Within his shirt-bosom, on the left side, was a daguerreotype and a lock of his son's hair, which he wished to be given to his wife.

Both of the prisoners requested that their arms should not be pinioned tight enough to stop the circulation of the blood, which was complied with. A blue cloth talma was thrown over Coppie, and a dark one over Cook.

During these proceedings, Coppie was struggling to keep down his emotion, and Cook was striving to be calm. A Quaker gentleman then remarked: "It is hard to die;" to which Coppie responded, "It is the parting from friends, not the dread of death that moves us."

On the way down stairs, they were allowed to advance to the cell of Stevens and Haslett and bid them farewell. They shook hands cordially, and Cook said to Stevens, "My friend, good-bye."

Stevens replied, "Good-bye. Cheer up! Give my love to my friends in the other world."

Coppie also made a remark to Stevens which was unheard by the crowd, but Stevens replied, "Never mind." Both then shook hands with Haslett and bade him good-bye, but did not call him by name.

On emerging from the jail Cook recognised several gentlemen, and bowed politely.

After the caps had been placed on their heads, Coppie turned towards Cook and stretched forth his hand as far as possible. At the same time Cook said: "Stop a minute—where is Edwin's hand?" They then shook hands cordially, and Cook said: "God bless you!" The calm and collected manner of both was very marked.

On approaching the scaffold, Cook shook hands with a large number of persons and bowed politely to Major Green.

Various surmises were indulged in to-day, in regard to the attempted escape of Cook and Coppie. It was said that Cook refused to tell how he came by the knife, and also that he had the countersign whereby he would have been enabled to pass the sentinel. This, however, needs confirmation and is hardly reliable.

Much indignation was expressed by some of the headstrong, in reference to the officials of the jail; but a large majority of our citizens express confidence in them, and spurn the idea that they were bribed by the friends of Cook.

The hole made in the wall was a large one, and the room was in the second story. Cook, after his capture, said to a gentleman that they had done the best they could; that life was as sweet to them as any one else, and that they had planned it for ten days. They had set Tuesday night for the attempt, but it was deferred on account of their not wishing to compromise Gov. Willard, who was in town that night.

The prisoners conversed on a variety of subjects this morning. Cook said to a gentleman who addressed him, that he fully believed slavery to be a sin, and that it would be abolished in Virginia in less than ten years, and that by the people of Virginia. He was prepared to die in such a cause, and thought he had done nothing to regret, so far as principle was concerned.

Coppie said that he feared the affair was not ended yet—that they had friends in the North who would not rest satisfied until their lives have been avenged. He hoped, however, the affair would end here forever.

POLITICAL NEWS.

South Carolina.—The Charleston Courier says it is reported that Senator Hammond has expressed his intention to resign his seat at the close of the present session. He has been prevented from attending Washington by indisposition.

Texas.—The Legislature has elected Mr. Wigfall, regular Democrat, as U. S. Senator by two majority. This is a regular Democratic victory over Sam Houston.

Congress.—The Senate passed Mr. Mason's resolution of Inquiry respecting the invasion of Harper's Ferry. The amendment respecting the seizure of the arsenal at Liberty, Missouri, several years ago, was defeated by almost a strict party vote. The Committee of Inquiry consists of Messrs. Mason, Dem., of Virginia; Davis, Dem., of Mississippi; Collamer, Repub., of Vermont; Fitch, Dem., of Indiana; and Doolittle, Repub., of Wisconsin.

Mr. Pugh, of Ohio, submitted a resolution, which lies over, instructing the Committee on Territories to inquire into the expediency of repealing so much of the act for the organization of the Territorial Government of New Mexico and Utah as requires that all laws passed by those Territories shall be submitted to Congress for approval or rejection.

In the House, no Speaker has yet been elected. The sixth ballot was as follows:

Sherman, (Repub.)	110
Bocock, (Dem.)	85
Gilman, (South Amer.)	18
Scattering,	13
Necessary to a choice,	114

On the fifth and sixth ballots, Messrs. Haskin of New York, Hickman, of Pa., and Schwartz, of Pa., went over to Mr. Sherman, amid the applause of the Republicans.

The seventh ballot was as follows:

Sherman,	96
Bocock,	86
Gilmer,	35
Scattering,	9
Whole number,	227
Necessary to a choice,	114

Mr. Gilmer, of N. C., withdrew his name as a candidate, and returned thanks to his friends who had complimented him by their votes. He felt in no less a degree complimented by the votes of gentlemen with whom he very much disagreed politically. He nominated Mr. Boteler, of Virginia, and thought from the indications, and a corresponding action on the Democratic side, that his nominee could be elected Speaker. [Applause.]

The largely increased vote for Mr. Gilmer came from the Anti-Lecompton Democrats and Pennsylvania Republicans elected on the People's ticket.

The House then proceeded to the

EIGHTH BALLOT.

Sherman,	111
Bocock,	83
Boteler,	25
Scattering,	9
Whole number,	228
Necessary to a choice,	115

On this ballot, the Pennsylvania Republicans and Anti-Lecompton Democrats returned to Mr. Sherman.

TENTH BALLOT.

Mr. Sherman,	111
Mr. Bocock,	84
Mr. Boteler,	15
Mr. Briggs,	9
Scattering,	9
Whole number of votes,	228
Necessary to a choice,	115

☞ A strict temperance man, whose wife had fallen down in a fit, asked the doctor in slow and measured tones if, on his conscience as a Christian physician, it would be in any manner culpable when a lady fall down in a fit to put a little brandy to her lips. "The deuce take your doubts, sir!" said the doctor in a rage: "in a case like this one scruple of brandy is worth twenty scruples of conscience."

Union of the Small Italian States.—Austria, which had taken offence at Prince Carignan's having nominated Chevalier Buoncompagni for the Regency of the Duchies, is now satisfied. Parma, Romagna, Tuscany and Modena, relinquishing their separate governments, will at once be united in one, located at Modena, and Buoncompagni will be commissioned as General of the Provinces of Central Italy—with the powers but not with the title of Regent.

The Foreign Markets.—The North American brings news to the 8th. Cotton has suffered a decline at Liverpool of ⅛d in all qualities—demand fair. Provisions are dull. Breadstuffs quiet and steady.

☞ Canning once said that he knew of nothing so sublime as a fact.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The market for Flour, under a limited export demand, has ruled very inactive during the past week, but without any quotable change to note in prices, and the sales for shipment reach about 6000 bbls in lots at $5½@5¾ for Superfine; Extras at $5¾@6, the latter for selected brands, and $6@6½ for Extra Family Flour, as in quality, the market closing quiet but steady at the above figures. The retailers and bakers have been buying more freely at the above rates for Superfine and Extras, and $6½@7 ₱ bbl for Fancy Brands. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are but little inquired for; the receipts and stocks, however, are light, and the market steady at $4½ for the former, and $3½ ₱ bbl for the latter—Pennsylvania Meal.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat have fallen off again this week, and holders have put up their prices fully 3c ₱ bus; the demand, however, is less active at the advance, and the market closed rather quiet; sales include about 25,000 bus at $1,30@1,35 for reds, mostly at $1,32@1,35 for prime lots, and $1,44@1,50 for white as in quality, the latter for choice Western. Rye continues in demand, and all offered sold at 93c for Pennsylvania. Corn has been in active request, and all in the market, about 55,000 bus, mostly new yellow, sold at 73@75c for damp, and 77@81c for dry lots; the bulk of the sales were at 78@80c for shipment; some new white also sold at 75@76c, and old yellow, which is very scarce, at 92@95c. Oats are also better, and some 25,000 bus sold at 41@42c for Maryland, 42½@44c for Delaware, and 44@45c for Pennsylvania. Barley and Barley Malt are steady, and 25,000 bus, mostly of the former sold at 75@85c ₱ bus; the latter is quoted at 90@95c.

PROVISIONS—The stocks and receipts of all kinds continue light, and the market is dull, owing to the difference in the views of buyers and sellers. Mess Pork is held at $17@17½, and city Mess Beef at $13@15 ₱ bbl, and little or none selling. Dressed Hogs sell at $6¾@7 the 100 lbs. Bacon moves off in a small way at 10½c for Sides, 8½c for Shoulders, and 12@12½c for city smoked Hams. Of Green Meats, the sales are limited to small lots of pickled Hams at 10½@10½c ₱ lb, short time. Lard is firm but quiet, and a small business doing at 11c for bbls and tes, and 12c for kegs. Butter continues dull, Roll selling slowly at 16@18c, and packed at 10@12c. Cheese is steady at 10½@11½c, and Eggs at 20@21c ₱ dozen.

COTTON is steady, but there has been a very limited inquiry from manufacturers during the entire week; and sales only reach some 800 bales, in lots, at from 11 to 12½c for Uplands and Gulfs, cash and time, mostly of the former description, at 11@11¾c ₱ lb, cash, the latter for middling fair quality.

BARK—Quercitron is unsettled and lower, and sales of 150 hhds, mostly coarse ground, are reported, part at $26 for 1st No 1, and part on terms kept private. No change in Tanners' Bark, and but little offering or selling.

BEESWAX is wanted, and most of the good lots on the market have been taken at 34c ₱ lb.

COAL—There are very few orders coming in, and the market is quiet. Schuylkill White Ash, Lump, ₱ ton, $3,35; Prepared do, $3,35; Red Ash do, $3,50; Lehigh, Lump, $3,50@3,60; Prepared do, $3,50@3,60; by retail, do, $4,25@4,50; Sch. Prepared, do, $4@4,25.

COFFEE—The market has ruled very quiet this week; there have been no further arrivals, and some 1750 bags Rio have found buyers, in lots, at from 11½ to 12c, on time, chiefly at the latter rate; holders are firm in their demands.

COPPER—Sheathing meets with a limited inquiry within the range of quotations. Of Yellow Metal sales are making at 20c ₱ lb, on time.

FEATHERS are selling in lots, as wanted, at 46@46c for Western, the latter for prime.

FRUIT—Green Apples are selling at $2½@4, and Cranberries at $13@15 ₱ bbl. In Dried Fruit there is not so much doing. Apples range at 6@6½c, and Peaches at 7@10c for unpared, and 12@15c ₱ lb for pared do.

HEMP—The stock is pretty much all in the hands of the manufacturers, and we hear of no sales.

HIDES are dull and drooping, and buyers are holding off for lower prices.

HOPS are selling slowly at 13@17c for new Eastern and Western, and 4@6c for old crop.

IRON—The inquiry for this staple has been limited, and the market generally very quiet during the past week. The sales of Pig Metal only reaching some 600 tons Anthracite, in lots, at $23 for No 1, and $22 for No 2, on time. Nothing doing in Scotch Pig to alter quotations. Blooms and Boiler Iron continue dull, and prices the same. Bars and Rails are steady, but there is little or nothing doing in the way of sales, and orders are scarce.

LEAD—The stock is light, and holders firm, with a small sale of Virginia only to note at $5,75 the 100 lbs, cash.

LEATHER—Buyers come forward slowly, and there is a small business doing at about previous quotations, the demand being unusually light.

LUMBER—The business season is over, and we are only advised of a sale of 150,000 feet white pine shipping boards at $15; about 100,000 feet yellow sap boards also sold at $14½@15 ₱ M.

MOLASSES—There is a good demand for new crop New Orleans, and all offered, some 400 bbls, sold mostly before arrival, at 50c, on time; some small sales of old Cuba are also reported at from 24 to 30c for clayed and Muscovado, usual terms.

PLASTER is unchanged, and two cargoes of soft sold early in the week at $3 ₱ ton.

SEEDS—There is no change in Cloverseed and a moderate business to note; the sales comprise about 2500 bus at $5@5,25, mostly at $5,12½@5,25 for good and prime lots, including some from second hands at 8½c ₱ lb. Timothy is quiet at $2,50 ₱ bus. Domestic Flaxseed is selling at $1,55@1,56 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—There is very little demand for Brandy, which continues firm and on the advance. Gin is steady. N E Rum is selling in lots as wanted at 35@36c. Whiskey is firmer and rather more active, with a reduced stock to operate in, and prices range at 24½c for Drudge, 25½c for hhds, 26½c for Penna bbls, and 27½c for Prison and Ohio do.

SUGARS—The market has been more active at fully former rates, the week's sales comprising about 800 hhds Cuba at 6¼@7½c, mostly at 7c; 185 hhds new crop New Orleans at 8@8½c; 1100 boxes Cuba browns, part at 7½@7¾c and part on terms kept private; a small lot of white at 9c, and 5000 piculs Manilla at 7c, all on time.

TALLOW continues dull, and a small business doing. We quote City at 10½@11c ₱ lb, the latter for small lots.

TOBACCO—There is very little doing in either Leaf or Manufactured, and prices rule about stationary.

WOOL—The market is firmer, with reduced stocks in the hands of the dealers generally; the demand, however, continues limited, and the sales mostly in small lots within the range of quotations.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1800 head. Prime lots sold readily at 9½ to 10c, and 10½c was obtained for a few extra fine head. Fair and ordinary sold at 8 to 9½c, and inferior or stock cattle sold from 2½ to 4c ₱ lb, according to quality. Sheep—4800 head arrived, and sold at from 8 to 9c dressed. Cows—200 at market, selling at from $25 to 50.

At Imhoff's Hog Yard 6172 head were at market, and sold at $6½ to 7½ ₱ 100 lbs net, according to quality.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Dec. 17.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour heavy; sales of 6000 bbls. Wheat dull and the prices nominally favor buyers. Corn firm and scarce. Pork heavy. Lard dull at 7c.

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

STILL GREATER INDUCEMENTS.

A CHANCE TO OBTAIN

TWO HANDSOME STEEL ENGRAVINGS

A BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVING ALSO AS A PREMIUM TO EVERY SUBSCRIBER!!

FICTION, NEWS, HUMOR, AGRICULTURE, THE MARKETS, &c., &c., &c.

The Proprietors of the SATURDAY EVENING POST—"the oldest and best of the Weeklies"—have the pleasure to announce to the reading public, that they have made an EXCLUSIVE engagement with an Author whose powerful Stories have of late attracted great attention; and that they will open the year 1860 with a novelet, *written expressly for* THE POST, called

THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS.

By the AUTHOR of "THE RED COURT FARM," "THE ROCK," the "HESTER HALLIWELL" Stories, "THE SIX GRAY POWDERS," "THE DIAMOND BRACELET," &c., &c.

In this story, written expressly for THE POST, this powerful writer's genius has had full scope afforded it; and we are able to state—having read it in manuscript, for it is already in hand—that it will make a sensation, unless we are greatly mistaken, as one of the most powerful and interesting stories ever published.

To enable those unacquainted with THE POST to judge of the richness and variety of its general contents, we may state that during the past year we have published novelets, stories, poems, essays, &c., from the pens of the following gifted writers:—

G. P. R. JAMES.	MARY HOWITT.
CHARLES DICKENS.	AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM."
ALFRED TENNYSON.	AUTHOR OF "FARM OF FOUR ACRES."
CHARLES READE.	GRACE GREENWOOD.
H. W. LONGFELLOW.	MISS PARDOE.
CHARLES MACKAY.	FLORENCE PERCY.
WILKIE COLLINS.	AMELIA B. EDWARDS
DR. O. W. HOLMES.	EMMA ALICE BROWN
T. S. ARTHUR.	AUTHOR OF "THE EBONY CASKET."
AUTHOR OF "THE SCOUT," &c.	MRS. M. A. DENISON.
ALEXANDER DUMAS.	FANNY M. RAYMOND.
JOHN G. WHITTIER.	NORA PERRY.
OWEN MEREDITH.	ISA CRAIG.
P. J. BAILEY, (Author of "Festus.")	MISS MARTINEAU.
LIEUT. HABERSHAM.	

The writings of the above and other distinguished authors make up, in a great degree, the yearly contents of THE POST—many of the above list writing expressly for our columns, and the choicest contributions of the others being obtained as soon as possible from the English and other Periodicals in which they appear. In this way we are enabled to make up a sheet, unsurpassed, as we think, for the VARIETY and BRILLIANCY of its contents.

THE POST does not confine itself, however, to works of the imagination, as so many Weeklies now do. It generally devotes a fair portion of its ample space to the NEWS of the WEEK, FOREIGN and DOMESTIC, to LETTERS FROM PARIS, to an AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT, to BANK NOTE and STOCK LISTS, and to a WEEKLY and ACCURATE PRICE CURRENT of the PRODUCE MARKETS, &c., &c.

TERMS—ENGRAVINGS.

HAMILTON'S TWO VIEWS of NIAGARA FALLS—a couple of handsome and large-sized *Steel* Engravings—the retail price of which is FIVE DOLLARS—we are enabled to Club with THE POST on the following remarkably liberal terms.

We also Club with those well-known Monthly Magazines, Arthur's Home Magazine, and Godey's Lady's Book. Read the following and take your choice of

TERMS.

One Copy of THE POST,	$2,00 a year
One Copy of THE POST and both Engravings of Niagara Falls,	3,00 "
One Copy of THE POST and one of Arthur's Home Magazine,	3,00 "
One Copy of THE POST and one of Godey's Lady's Book,	3,50 "

CLUBS.

3	COPIES of THE POST,	$5,00 a year.
4	" (and one of the Engravings to getter up of Club,)	5,00 "
8	" (and one copy extra, *or* both Engravings to getter up of Club,)	10,00 "
15	" (and one copy extra, *or* both Engravings to getter up of Club,)	15,00 "
20	" (and one copy extra, *or* both Engravings to getter up of Club,)	20,00 "
30	" (and one copy extra, *and* both Engravings to getter up of Club,)	30,00 "

A BEAUTIFUL PREMIUM.

A large and beautiful Engraving on steel, 17 by 22 inches, called "THE SPEAKING LIKENESS," will be sent to every subscriber to "THE POST" for 1860, who shall send, in addition to his subscription, the sum of twenty-five cents, to pay the expense of postage, mailing, &c., &c. The retail price of this engraving is FOUR DOLLARS. It is a Gem!

P. S.—The Postage will be pre-paid on all the Engravings.

Address **DEACON & PETERSON,**
No. **132** *South Third St., Philada.*

☞ *Sample Copies of the Post sent gratis when requested.*

☞ TO EDITORS.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their *editorial* columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

A FORTUNATE SHOPWOMAN.—There is an Italian proverb which says "that handsome women are born married." The meaning of this is not, what has been supposed, that marriages are made in heaven, but, that such is the power of beauty over the human heart, that those who are possessed of it can marry when and whom they please. A verification of the axiom took place last week at Brompton. A millionaire purchased a small pocket-book at a stationer's, in that fashionable locality. He was served by a young lady of great personal attractions. So smitten was Mr. Scott with her beauty, that, understanding she was single, he then and there made his fair enslaver an offer of his hand and heart. The sequel is to be found in the marriage announced as having taken place at a church of some Puseyite notoriety in the neighborhood, last Wednesday, when the pretty shopwoman stepped into a carriage and £30,000 a year, after a courtship of only one day.—*Court Circular.*

A LAUGHABLE ERROR.—A firm in Cincinnati recently telegraphed to a correspondent in Cleveland, as follows:—"Cranberries rising. Send immediately one hundred barrels, *per* Simmons," "Simmons" being the agent of the Cincinnati house. The telegraph ran the last two words together, and shortly afterwards the Cincinnati firm were astonished to find delivered at their store, one hundred barrels of persimmons.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
HENDRICKSON, BLAKE & LUDLOW, Nos. 21 and 23 Ann Street, New York.
H. DEXTER & CO., Nos. 14 & 16 Ann St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
FEDERHEN & CO., Boston, Mass.
HUNT & MINER, Pittsburg.
S. W. PEASE & CO., 28 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O.
McNALLY & CO., 75 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
HAGAN & JOHNSON, Nashville, Tenn.
E. SEMON, Richmond, Va.
MILTON BOULIGNET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN & CO., New Orleans, La.
E. P. GRAY, St. Louis, Mo.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

THE RUSH AT OAKFORD'S,

For his superior Furs still continues, and no wonder—they are so good and cheap. We advise all our lady readers to go there and buy their Furs; they have the largest and best stock in the city. Remember, OAKFORD'S,
No 624 Chestnut street, below Seventh.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. J. M. Crowell, JOHN P. BARRON, to Miss ANNIE J. daughter of Jas. McKee, Esq. both of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. EDWARD M. WOODROW, to Miss RUTH W. CLUNN, both of Burlington county, N. J.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. G. W. Showman, Mr. WASHINGTON A. WORTHLINE, to Miss THEODOSIA K. SHERREN, all of Pottstown.

In Baltimore, April 9th, 1859, by the Rev. Mr. Smith, S. H. CASE, Jr. of this city, to SALLIE J. CARR, of Baltimore.

On September 27th, 1859, by the Rev. John Gamtebbein, Mr. JOHN BECK, to Miss KATE, daughter of J. F. SCHWARBLE, Esq. both of this city.

On Thursday, Dec. 8th, at Wheeling, by the Rev. W. McCleary, Mr. GEORGE HIBBARD, Jr. of this city, to Miss RABINA REDMAN, of Wheeling, Va.

On the evening of Oct. 6th, 1859, at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. Wm. Suddards, WILLIAM HAZELTON, Jr. to CARRIE, daughter of Jas. B. Hollins, Esq. both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Sunday, the 11th instant, JOHN J. KAY, in his 54th year.

On Friday morning, 9th instant, Mrs. A. LOUISA FOSTER, wife of N. Lancaford Foster, in her 72d year.

On the 10th instant, HANNAH W. wife of Robert K. Kille, and daughter of the late Benjamin Lippincott.

On the 11th instant, in Moreland Township, Montgomery county, Pa. ROBERT M. ANNERS, formerly of this city, in his 66th year.

On the evening of the 10th instant, CATHARINE W. MORRIS, in her 88th year.

On the 10th instant, at Massilon, Ohio, of typhoid fever, CALEB CANBY, formerly of this city, aged 32 years.

Suddenly, on Thursday, the 8th instant, BRADFORD FALES, in his 17th year.

On the 9th instant, SARAH BACON, in her 85th year.

At Rome, Italy, on the 12th of Nov. Mrs. MARY NEWBOLD SINGER, relict of the late John Singer, of this city.

At Brandywine Mills, Del. on the 8th instant, THOMAS LEA, son of Wm. and Jane S. Lea.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, Dec. 17, 1859.

PENNSYLVANIA.		SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	1 dis
NEW JERSEY.		ALABAMA.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	1 to 3 dis
DELAWARE		MISSISSIPPI.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	All bks	uncertain
MARYLAND.		LOUISIANA.	
Baltimore	¼ dis	Solv bks	¼ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	OHIO.	
NEW YORK.		Solv bks	¼ dis
Sol bks	par to ¼ dis	KENTUCKY.	
MAINE.		Solv bks	¼ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	INDIANA.	
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		State bank	¼ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	ILLINOIS.	
VERMONT.		Solv bks	2½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	MISSOURI.	
CONNECTICUT.		Solv bks	¼ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	TENNESSEE.	
MASSACHUSETTS.		Old bks	1½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	MICHIGAN.	
RHODE ISLAND.		Solv bks	2 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	WISCONSIN.	
VIRGINIA.		Solv bks	2 dis
Solv bks	¼ to ½ dis	TEXAS.	
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.		Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	10 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	CANADA.	
NORTH CAROLINA.		Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks	¼ to 1 dis		
GEORGIA.			
Solv bks	1 dis		

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull:—

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1856	—	—
" " '62	105	—
" " '63	103	—
" 5 " coupon '74	102¾	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	98¾	99
" " new	101¼	102
" 5 "	84	—
Pitts 6 pr ct,	75	—
" " coupon	—	55
All'gy City 6 pr ct	65	73
" County	—	—
R R issue	44	50
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—
" 5 "	93½	93¾
Tenn 6 "	91½	92
" 5 " coupon	80	82
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri "	100	—
Ohio " 1856	108	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	98	98½
Virginia "	97½	—
Ind State 5 pr ct	92	—
Cal State 7 pr ct new bonds	91½	92
N Y City, '77-5	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	136	137½
Philadelphia	115½	116
Far & Mec	—	55½
Commercial	—	48½
N Liberty	58	60½
Mechanics	35½	36
Southwark	69	—
P Township	34½	35
Kensington	64	65
Girard	45	45½
Western	60	61
Mon & Mec	20	—
Commerce	—	70
Tradesman's	62½	—
City	41	—
Consolidation	—	24
Commonwealth	—	24½
Corn Exchange	20½	—
Germantown	—	60
Pittsburg, Pitt'bg	55	—
Exchange "	18	—
Kentucky, Ky	130	—
Northern "	125	—
Louisville "	115	118
Farmers "	114	125
Union, Nash, Tenn	102½	103
Planters "	110	112
N O Gas Light	100	—
Com & R R Bank, Vicksburg	2	7½
Washington Gas Light Co	22½	—
Lehigh Zinc	1	3½
New Creek	—	—
New Grenada	—	—
N America Ins Co	14½	—
N Liberties Gas	31	—
Southwark and Frankford R R	57	58
Bonds	89	90
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Pennsylvania RR 1st mort bonds	100	102½
2nd "	86½	87
stock	35½	36½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1864	—	95
stock	122½	123½
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	80	—
mort 6's '44	—	90
" '86	70½	71
stock	20½	20¾
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	86½	87½
stock	34	39
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	33	36
6 pr ct loan, '99	92¾	—
Ches Val R R, '73	36½	—
Tioga R R '75	—	85
Wil'ms & Elmira 7's 1st mort	53	54
2nd "	11½	12
stock	1	1½
Catawissa	1	1½
Beaver Meadow stock	62	62½
preferred 10 pr ct	58	—
North Penn'a R R stock	8½	8¾
6 pr ct loan	62	62½
Phil Ger & Nor RR stock, div'd off	48	48½
6 pr ct loan	97	102½
Minehill R R	57½	—
Har & Lan R R stock	—	55½
bonds '82	98	—
L. Schuylkill R R stock	14	18
Long Island R R stock	11½	11¾
bonds	83	85
Erie R R stock	—	—
Hudson River R R	—	—
N Y Central	80½	—
Michigan Central	47½	48½
Illinois	97½	—
Michigan Southern	17½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '97	71	71½
cmp. 6 pr ct	77½	78
stock	6	8
preferred	15½	16
Lehigh Nav stock	43½	43½
mort 6 pr ct	99	—
scrip	25½	26
Morris Canal'd preferred	103½	103½
Ches & Del bonds	40	—
Union bonds	77½	—
Sus & Tidewater bonds, 1878	1	3
	27	29

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty-five cents a line for the first insertion.

Thirty cents a line for each subsequent insertion.

Double Column Advertisements—One dollar a line for every insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

Mr. Godey has initiated more improvements in this branch of publishing than any other man, and though others imitate him, his inventive genius is such that he has a novelty and a new feature for every number during the year. With the new year a new volume commences, and we can heartily commend it to every parent as a visitor which will benefit each member of a family.—*Boston Evening Gazette.*

The unanimous voice of the ladies of America and the public press throughout the United States have pronounced Godey's Lady's Book "not a luxury, but a necessity." This time-honored monthly enters upon its *sixtieth* volume and the thirtieth year of its publication with the January number. The literature in the Lady's Book is by the first authors in the country, and the stories are always moral and instructive.—*Herald, Covington.*

Godey's Lady's Book has for many years been acknowledged by all people of good taste and refinement as standing at the head of all fashionable literature; well does Godey deserve the highest praise from his readers all over the Union; as he spares no pains or expense in his efforts to excel all competitors,—superintending in person and laboring with his own hands in getting each month's Magazine to press and before his readers.—*Republican, Greenfield.*

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—Of all the monthlies offered in this country, for the intelligent portion of the female sex, Godey's Lady's Book is, beyond comparison, the best and most desirable. In a literary point of view, it ranks first among those catered to by our female writers. In the departments of Fashion, and Patterns, and Specimen Illustrations, no Magazine in the world can compare with it for beauty and completeness—each issue being a perfect treasury of art and suggestion to the sex.—*Cosmopolitan Arts Journal.*

This is the best Magazine of the kind published in America. Every husband should furnish it regularly for his wife, and daughters should give their parents no peace until it is forthcoming.—*Democrat, La Crosse.*

We consider this the very best publication of the kind in this country—no lady who has taken it would ever consent to give it up.—*Tappahannock Southerner.*

It would be useless for us to say what everybody knows, that Godey's is the best conducted Magazine now extant! No lady should be without it.—*Dadeville Times.*

This Book has attained a standard which no other periodical in this country has ever reached, and which the best of them envy. For twenty-eight years it has been looked up to as the criterion by which almost all other Magazines have been ushered into existence, but no one of them, in our humble opinion, was ever as good as the original.—*Portland, Ind., Republican.*

The Lady's Book is peculiar, as being original and in every respect the leading publication for Ladies in the country. Others are mere imitations.—*Portsmouth Transcript.*

As a work of art, we have no hesitation in pronouncing Godey's Lady's Book far superior to any periodical ever issued from the American press. In its literary department, a fine taste is exhibited, quite refreshing to behold in the present age of light and trashy literature. This Magazine is not only the best, but the cheapest in the country.—*Texas Baptist.*

Godey knows how to prepare for the benefit of the ladies. We think all will agree with us in saying that it is the best Lady's Magazine published. In fact when we consider the amount of useful and entertaining matter given each month for their especial benefit, we believe the "Lady's Book" to be well named, and it must long remain as a standard with the ladies in matters of taste and domestic economy.—*Republican, Dowagiac.*

TERMS, CASH IN ADVANCE.

One Copy one year,	$3,00.
Two copies one year,	5,00.
Three copies one year,	6,00.
Five copies one year, and an extra copy to the person sending the club, making six copies,	10,00.
Eight copies one year, and an extra copy to the person sending the club, making nine copies,	15,00.
Eleven copies one year, and an extra copy to the person sending the club, making twelve copies,	20,00.

And the *only* Magazine that can be introduced into any of the above clubs is Arthur's Home Magazine. One or more of that work can be included in a club in the place of the Lady's Book, if preferred.

SPECIAL CLUBBING WITH OTHER MAGAZINES.

Godey's Lady's Book and Arthur's Home Magazine both one year for	$3,50.
Godey's Lady's Book and Harper's Magazine both one year for	4,50.
Godey's Lady's Book, Harper's Magazine, and Arthur's Home Magazine one year,	6,00.

Notes of all solvent banks taken at par.

☞ *A specimen will be sent direct to any person making the request.*

☞ Subscribers in the British Provinces, who send for clubs, must remit 36 cents extra on every subscriber, to pay the American postage to the lines.

Be careful and pay the postage on your letter.

Address **L. A. GODEY,**
323 Chestnut Street, Philada., Pa.

MARCHANTS' CRYSTALOGRAPHS, OR MINIATURES IN OIL.

The beauty and life-like resemblance in these extraordinary pictures still continues to recommend them, as on their first introduction in 1857. But we have of late achieved larger sizes, with the same, if not indeed more exquisite results than formerly, and also most gratifying improvements in copies from Daguerreotypes, &c., of the deceased.

Transient visitors to the city may take home with them their miniatures in this style, by simply devoting *half-an-hour* to the object, on their *first arrival.* Portraits on Canvas, as heretofore.

E. D. MARCHANT & SON,
N. E. corner Eighth and Locust Sts., Phila.

Specimens also at the upper Root Gallery, **820** Chestnut Street, opposite the Ladies' entrance of the Girard House. dec17-tf

---

TO INVENTORS AND PATENTEES.

ELLIOT & PATTEN procure AMERICAN and FOREIGN PATENTS, and attend to all business pertaining thereto. *Inquiries regarding the novelty and patentability of inventions answered without charge.* Agency opposite main entrance, Patent Office, Washington, District of Columbia. feb23-eowtf

---

HARD TIMES NO MORE.

ANY PERSON (Lady or Gentleman,) in the United States, possessing a small capital of from $3 to $7, can enter into an easy and respectable business, by which from $5 to $10 PER DAY CAN BE REALISED. For particulars, address (with stamp,)
ACTON & CO.,
oct30-tf **41** North Sixth St., Philada.

☞ **5,000 AGENTS WANTED**—To sell 4 new inventions. Agents have made over $25,000 on one.—better than all other similar agencies. Send four stamps and get 80 pages particulars, gratis. EPHRAIM BROWN,
oct15-13t Lowell, Mass.

THE LEADING TWO DOLLAR MAGAZINE

ARTHUR'S LADIES' HOME MAGAZINE,

FOR 1860.

VOLUMES XV. AND XVI.

EDITED BY

T. S. ARTHUR and VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

DEVOTED TO SOCIAL LITERATURE, ART, MORALS, HEALTH, FASHIONS, and DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

The Publishers of ARTHUR'S "LADIES' HOME MAGAZINE," claim for it the distinction of being the BEST TWO DOLLAR MAGAZINE in the country. And this is the voice of the press as well as the people. Read the following, from hundreds of like tenor in our possession:

Decidedly the best of the two dollar Magazines.—*Courier, Findley, O.*

The best two dollar Magazine published.—*Dem., Kenton, O.*

The cheapest and best of its kind.—*Rep. Nashville, Ind.*

The very best Magazine extant.—*Argus, Corydon, Ind.*

The best of the two dollar Magazines.—*Sentinel, N. Lex., O.*

Of all the popular family Magazines, we give this the preference.—*Witness, Indianapolis, Ind.*

It stands among the foremost of our Magazines.—*Times, Delphi, Ind.*

Beyond all doubt the best two dollar monthly in the land.—*Citizen, Urbana, O.*

We look upon this popular work as one of the first in the country.—*Rep., Lancaster, N. Y.*

There is no Magazine in the country we prefer to Arthur's.—*Herald, Marion, Iowa.*

It is pure and good, always aiming to elevate, purify and refine.—*Mail, Waterville, Me.*

It is equal to, and, we were about to say, surpasses, the far-famed "Godey."—*Southern Tier, Belmont, N. Y.*

It should enter every house and home in our broad land.—*Rep., Valparaiso, Ind.*

We expect to take it until we get too blind from old age to read anything—and then, if any one will read for us, we'll still take it.—*Express, Sullivan, Ill.*

TERMS:

TWO DOLLARS a year, in advance.

TWO COPIES FOR ONE YEAR, $3.

FOUR COPIES FOR ONE YEAR, $5.

All additional subscribers above four at the same rate, that is, $1,25 per annum. Where twelve subscribers and $15 are sent, the getter up of the Club will be entitled to an additional copy of the Magazine.

☞ Those who send smaller clubs, will be entitled to the extra copy by making additions thereto until the number reaches twelve.

☞ It is not required that all the subscribers to a Club be at the same Post-office.

☞ *Specimen numbers sent to all who wish to subscribe or make up Clubs.*

CLUBBING.

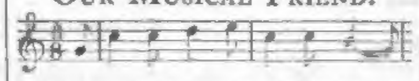
Home Magazine and Godey's Lady's Book, one year, $3,50.

Home Magazine and Harper's Magazine, one year, $3,50.

Home Magazine and Saturday Evening Post, $3.

Address **T. S. ARTHUR & CO.,**
323 Walnut St., Philada.

OUR MUSICAL FRIEND.



"OUR MUSICAL FRIEND,"

A Rare Companion for the Winter Months.

Every Pianist	Should procure this weekly Publication of Vocal and Pianoforte Music, costing but **10** CENTS a number, and pronounced by the entire Press of the Country,
Every Singer	
Every Teacher	
Every Pupil	
Every Amateur	

"THE BEST AND CHEAPEST WORK OF THE KIND IN THE WORLD."

Twelve full-sized Pages of Vocal and Pianforte MUSIC FOR **10** CENTS.

Yearly, **$5**; Half-yearly, **$2,50**; Quarterly, **$1,25.**

Subscribe to "OUR MUSICAL FRIEND," or order it from the nearest Newsdealer, and you will have Music enough for your entire family at an insignificant cost: and if you want Music for the Flute, Violin, Cornet, Clarionet, Cornet, Accordeon, &c., &c., subscribe for the "SOLO MELODIST," issued semi-monthly, containing also twelve pages; price, 10 cents per number; $2,50 per year; $1,25 six months.

Published and for sale by
C. B. SEYMOUR & CO.,
dec24-2teow **107** Nassau St., N. Y.

TWO MAGNIFICENT ENGRAVINGS.

FALLS OF NIAGARA.

GIVING VIEWS

OF THE

AMERICAN AND CANADA SIDES.

BY JAMES HAMILTON,

The Celebrated American Marine Painter.

These Engravings are each **18** by **32** Inches, and are executed in the highest style of the art, on steel, from the original drawings.

They will be sent to subscribers securely placed on rollers, postage pre-paid, on the receipt of Five Dollars for the pair.

JOHN M. BUTLER, Publisher,
242 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADA., PA.
may28-tf

PLEASE TO READ THIS.—If you want Employment, send at once for Mr. SEARS' CIRCULAR TO BOOK AGENTS. Our Publications are considered among the most saleable. Address, post paid, ROBERT SEARS, Publisher,
aug13-tf **181** William St., N. Y.

BOOK AGENTS

WANTED, to sell RAPID SELLING, Valuable Family Works, at LOW PRICES, WITH INTERESTING CONTENTS, and Superbly Colored Plates. For circulars, with full particulars, apply, if you live East, to HENRY HOWE, **102** Nassau St., New York; if you live West, the same, **111** Main Street, Cincinnati mh15-tf

---

Twenty-One Safes Tested
SINCE JANUARY 1st.

HERRING'S PATENT CHAMPION SAFES.

THEIR VICTORIES IN 1859.

FIRE AT DUBUQUE, Iowa, January 4, 1859.

"Fortunately my Books and Papers were in one of your Champion Safes, and are all preserved perfectly. T. A. C. COCHRANE."

FIRE AT PALATKA, Florida, Jan. 31, 1859.

"We had our principal Books, Papers and a large amount of Money in one of your Safes. It was exposed to the most intense heat; all it contained was uninjured. TEASDALE & REID."

FIRE AT GENESEO, Ill., Feb. 6, 1859.

"On the 6th day of February, 1859, our Banking house was burnt, and our Safe, which was Herring's patent, went through the fire and fall with the burning timber, where it remained many hours. Upon being opened the contents were found uninjured. NOURSE, BLAIR & CO."

ROBBERY AND BURNING OF SPECK & CO.'S WAREHOUSE, ST. LOUIS, May, 1859.

"The Safe which resisted the burglars and preserved the cash and books intact from fire is one of Hering's Patent Fire and Burglar Proof."—*St. Louis Evening News.*

THE GREAT FIRE AT OSHKOSH, Wisconsin, May 10th, 1859.

SIX BLOCKS OF BUILDINGS ARE DESTROYED!

Five Herring's Safes are in the Fire!

"The wind drove the flames continually on our Safe: nothing in the Safe was destroyed. The bookare re-bound; we continue to use them—they are as good as before the fire.

"ANSELL W. KELLOGG,
"Cashier, Bank of Oshkosh."

SAFE No. 2.

"Our books, papers and a considerable sum of mone, in bank bills, were in one of your Champion Safes. We found them all perfect and uninjured—having been in the ruins 15 hours.

"K. M. HUTCHINSON & CO."

No. 3.

"We had one; the entire contents were wholly preserved. S. B. & S. A. PAIGE."

No. 4.

"We had one; it realized our most sanguine expectation. WHEELER & COOLBAUGH."

No. 5.

"I had one; the entire contents were wholly preserved. GABRIEL BOUCK,
"Attorney-General of State of Wis."

No. 6.

"We had one; it realised our most sanguine expectations. C. PETERSLEA & CO."

No. 7.

"I had one; the entire contents were wholly preserved. L. H. COTTRILL."

No. 8.

"We had one; it realised our most sanguine expectations. SIGHME, KENNEDY & HANCOCK."

No. 9.

"I had one; the entire contents were wholly preserved. G. W. WASHBURN."

FIRE AT RESACA, Pa., April 8, 1859.

"The Herring Safe preserved our books, papers and money uninjured. MILLER & MACKEY."

BURNING OF ODD FELLOWS' HALL, Dubuque, Iowa, May 26, 1859.

"The Champion Safe was in the second story of Odd Fellows' Hall Building, which was entirely consumed: the Safe was exhumed next day—*still very hot.* My books, land warrants, notes of hand, and several hundred dollars in bank notes, were found unharmed. ALEX. D. ANDERSON,
"Register U. S. Land Office."

GREAT FIRE AT WILKESBARRE, Pa., May 30, 1859.

"The Safe of your manufacture was in the hottest part of the fire, and was red hot for a long time. My books, papers, &c., have since been taken from the Safe in a good state of preservation.

"ROBERT WILSON."

GREAT FIRE AT KEY WEST, May 16, 1859.

"We had one of your Safes in a heat that melted the brass knobs and plates. The books and papers have been removed, with one exception. The Safe was 18 hours in the ruins, yet we found the books and the interior of the Safe in a good state, without any injury except that caused by steam.

"C. & E. HOWE."

FIVE BLOCKS OF BUILDINGS DESTROYED AT CHICAGO—LOSS $500,000.

"September 15, 1859.

"The Herring's Patent Champion Safe was in my office on the second floor. It fell 20 feet into the basement, and was exposed to a very severe heat for *ten hours.* On opening it, I found all my books, papers and money contained in it in a good state of preservation. The heat was of the most intense character.

"E. W. BLATCHFORD."

ANOTHER FIRE AT NEWARK, N. J., SAME NIGHT.

"September 15, 1859.

"Our books, papers and money were preserved unharmed in one of your Patent Champion Safes, after being exposed to the fire for several hours.

"WARD & JOHNSON."

THE GREAT FIRE AT MARIANNA, Florida, October 23, 1859.

A Whole Block of Stores Destroyed.

"I had a Herring's Patent Safe in use which was subjected to a most intense heat. After removing it from the ruins the contents were found to be wholly uninjured. D. R. LESLIE."

ANOTHER TESTIMONIAL FROM MARIANNA.

"There were several Safes in the fire, but the only one that stood well the fiery ordeal was the one sold by your house. It bore test like a true 'Champion.' It was exposed to the most intense heat, yet the contents were in a state of perfect preservation. A. H. BUSH."

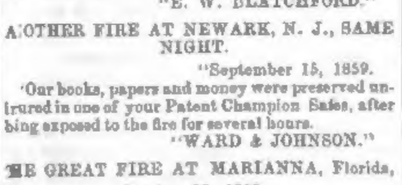
FIRE AT RICHMOND, Va.

"October 29, 1859.

"In the fire which consumed our Steam Sawing and Carpenter Shops, we had one of Herring's Safes, and though exposed to intense heat, (it was entirely red hot on the outside,) on opening it next day we found no appearance to indicate that its contents had been near fire. JOHN & GEORGE GIBSON."

☞ The subscribers are the only makers in this State of the above unequalled Safes.

FARREL, HERRING & CO.,
629 *Chestnut Street, (Jayne's Hall,) Philada.*



This ARM and HAND are so perfect imitations of nature that the wearer's loss is quite unnoticed. The joints of the elbow, wrist, fingers and thumb are all gracefully moved by elastic tendons, and rendered useful to the *utmost extent.*

THE PATENT LEG has been in use 12 years, and the inventor has received (over all competitors) fifty most honorary awards from distinguished and scientific societies in the principal cities of the world; among which are the great MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS in LONDON and NEW YORK. Nearly 3,000 limbs in daily use, and an increasing patronage indicate the satisfaction "Palmer's Patent" has given.

Pamphlets, giving full information, sent gratis to every applicant. B. FRANK PALMER,
oct8-1y **376** Chestnut St., Phila.

$25 PER WEEK CAN BE MADE, and no humbug. The business is new. For full particulars address, with red stamp, to UNION AGENCY, Peace Dale, R. I. nov26-13t

---

EVERY MAN A MAGICIAN.

THE MAGICIAN'S OWN BOOK;

OR,

THE WHOLE ART OF CONJURING.

Being a Complete Hand-Book of Parlor Magic, containing OVER ONE THOUSAND Optical, Chemical, Mechanical, Magnetical, and Magical Experiments; Amusing Transmutations, Astonishing Sleights and Subtleties, Celebrated Card Deceptions, Ingenious Tricks and Numbers, Curious and Entertaining Puzzles—Together with all the Most Noted Performers. The whole ILLUSTRATED WITH OVER 500 WOOD CUTS. And intended as a sort of Amusement for ONE THOUSAND AND ONE EVENINGS. 12 mo, Cloth, 400 pages, Gilt Side and Back Stamp. Price $1.

Published by DICK & FITZGERALD,
No. **18** Ann street, N. Y.

Also for sale by all Booksellers in this place.

Copies of the above book sent by mail, on receipt of $1, to any address, free of postage.

Reliable Agents wanted to canvass for "THE MAGICIAN'S OWN BOOK" and other popular works; send Cash Orders to the above address. Descriptive Catalogues of our Books mailed to any address *free.*

*** Editors of Country Newspapers giving the above advertisement three prominent insertions, calling attention to the same in the Editorial column, and sending a marked copy of the paper to the Publisher, will receive "THE MAGICIAN'S OWN BOOK, per return of mail, free of postage.

CABINET FURNITURE.

GEORGE J. HENKELS,
524 Walnut Street,
(OPPOSITE INDEPENDENCE SQUARE.)
PHILADELPHIA.

PARLOR SETTS,
IN ROSEWOOD, WALNUT and MAHOGANY.

CHAMBER SETTS,
IN ROSEWOOD, WALNUT and MAHOGANY.

DINING-ROOM SETTS,
IN WALNUT, OAK and MAHOGANY.

LIBRARY SETTS,
IN OAK, WALNUT and ROSEWOOD.

CURTAINS,
IN DAMASK SATIN, BROCATELLE, SATIN LAINE, EMBROIDERED BROAD CLOTH, TURKEY CLOTH,

And all cheaper kind of materials.

A FULL ASSORTMENT OF EVERYTHING IN THE CABINET AND UPHOLSTERY LINE.

sep3-11teow

IMPORTANT TO ALL LOVERS OF ANIMALS.

THE AMERICAN STOCK JOURNAL is a large octavo monthly, of 32 pages, handsomely illustrated, published at 25 PARK ROW, NEW YORK, and devoted exclusively to the Improvement of our Domestic Animals.

The Second Volume commences January, 1860.

TERMS—$1 per year, *invariably in advance.* Specimen copies gratis. Money may be sent at publisher's risk, in *registered* letters.

D. C. LINSLEY, Proprietor.
C. M. SAXTON, BARKER & Co., Agents.
No. **25** Park Row, New York.
dec 10-2teow

$300 PER MONTH! HONORABLE BUSINESS! AGENTS, Local or Travelling, wanted in every Town and County in the Union, to engage in the sale of New Articles (

Wit and Humor.

ONE OF THE SLEEPERS.

Away out in Missouri, they live on the primitive system. People sleep, as well as eat in companies, and in many of the hotels, there are three to a dozen beds in each chamber. On a cold winter's night, a weary and foot worn traveller arrived at one of those caravanserais by the road-side. After stepping into the bar-room and taking the requisite number of "drinks," he invoked the attention of the landlady with this interrogatory:

"I say, ma'am, have you got a considerable number of beds in your house?"

"Yes," answered she, "I reckon we have."

"How many beds have you, about this time, that ain't noways engaged?"

"Well, we have one room up stairs with eleven beds in it."

"That's just right," said the traveller, "I'll take that room, and engage all the beds, if you please."

The landlady, not expecting any more company for the night, and thinking that her guest might wish to be alone, consented that he might occupy the room. But no sooner had the wayfarer retired, than a large party arrived, and demanded lodgings for the night.

The landlady told them she was very sorry, but all her rooms were engaged; true, there was one room with eleven beds in it, and only one gentleman.

"We must go there, then—we must have beds there."

They accordingly proceeded to the chamber with the beds, and rapped; no answer was returned. They essayed to open the door—it was locked. They shouted aloud but received no reply. At last, driven to desperation, they decided upon bursting open the door. They had no sooner done so, than they discovered every bedstead in the room empty, and all the beds piled upon one another in the centre of the room, with the traveller sound asleep on the top. They with some difficulty aroused him, and demanded what in the world he wanted with all those beds.

"Why, look here, strangers," said he, "I hain't had no sleep these eleven nights; so I just hired eleven beds, to get rested at once, and make up what I've lost. I calculate to do up a considerable mess of sleeping; I've hired all these beds, and hang me if I don't have eleven nights sleep out on 'em before morning."

THE FOLLIES OF A NIGHT.

Not a thousand miles from here lives one James P———, or, as he is familiarly known among his host of friends, Jim. Now, the aforesaid Jim is an eccentric, in every sense of the word, yet moreover generous, noble-hearted, and possessed of more genuine courage than usually falls to the lot of man. The following is, as nearly as we can give it, a relation of a night's adventure:

One morning we met him in the street, looking rather melancholy, when he said:

"Yesterday I felt a little bad, and, mark you, I went and took a small drink; and that not improving my feelings, I took another and another, don't you observe, and finally I got a little tight. In the evening, I went into the country with a friend, mark you, and thinking I would cool off, I took several more drinks, when I got there, don't you observe; yet, strange to say, the more I drank the tighter I got, until, mark you, I was totally unconscious when I went to bed. During the night I woke up, don't you observe, and I could not imagine where the mischief I was, mark you. The room was dark as Egypt. I heard a clock strike two in some part of the house, mark you; I became very anxious to learn my whereabouts, don't you observe, and for that purpose arose from my bed, mark you, and after stumbling over about a dozen chairs, don't you observe, I came to a table. Now, mark you, I reflected that the generality of apartments are a perfect or an oblong square, don't you observe, and, moreover, that the generality of tables are square, and I deduced from this, mark you, that, by feeling along the table until I came to a corner, I could get off at right angles and reach a corner of the room, and by that guide by the wall to a door or window, don't you observe. Following out this idea, mark you, I began carefully to feel along the edge of the aforesaid table, and finally gaining confidence, I went a little faster; the idea struck me that it was a blamed long table, that I could not get to a corner, don't you observe; yet I persevered, and finally day broke, and when sufficient light penetrated the apartment, I saw, mark you, that I had been following a blamed round table all night, looking for a corner, don't you observe."

A WINE BATH—A PLEASANT ITEM FOR LOVERS OF CHAMPAGNE.—An American traveller in the streets of Paris, seeing the words, "Wine baths given here," exclaimed:—

"Well, these French are luxurious people!"—Then, with true Yankee curiosity, and the feeling that he could afford whatever any one else did, walked in and demanded a "Wine bath."

Feeling wonderfully refreshed after it, and having to pay but five francs, he asked in some astonishment, how a wine bath could be afforded so cheaply? His sable attendant, who had been a slave in Virginia, and enjoyed a sly bit of humor, replied: "Oh, massa, we just pass it along into anudder room, where we gib baths at four francs."

"Then, throw it away, I suppose?"

"No, massa; den we send it lower down, and charge three francs a bath. Dar's plenty of people who ain't so berry particular, who will bathe in it after this at two francs a head. Den, massa, we let the common people have it at one franc a piece."

"Then, of course you throw it away," exclaimed the traveller, who thought this was going even beyond Yankee profit.

"No, indeed, massa," was the indignant reply, accompanied by a profound bow; "no, indeed, massa, we are not so 'stravagant as dat comes to; we just bottle it up den, and send it to 'Merica for champagne!"

AMUSEMENTS FOR THE YOUNG.—A garden should always be kept where there are children; when they are tired of pulling snail, they can put it into their father's box. A box of colors is also a source of great amusement, affording them an opportunity of rubbing their faces, and of appearing in illuminated pinafores. It is well to let them know where the preserves and pickles are kept, as what going after the jam, they may get a bite the capsicum. On wet days they should be allowed to put peas into the piano, and damp the keys with their drumsticks. Train them to pull gentlemen's whiskers, and wipe their candy hands on ladies' dresses.—*N. Y. Picayune.*

☞ A vigorous mind is as necessary accompanied by strong passions as a great fire with great heat.—*Burke.*

Agricultural.

HOW THEY MAKE THE BEST CHEESE IN ENGLAND.

If I put the question regarding the cause of the great difference in cheese to the inhabitant of a country where bad cheese is made, I am at once answered, with all the perfect confidence of ignorance, that the land is not adapted for cheese-making, and that it would be absurd waste of material to attempt to make good cheese in the locality. On further inquiry as to whether it is the peculiar geologic formation, or any remarkable difference in the species of grasses peculiar to the district that is the cause, I am again informed in this time rather dogmatically, that the land is not adapted for cheese-making, and that "it's no use asking any more questions, because everybody knows that it isn't." Being thus thrown upon my own resources, I refer to my geological map, and endeavor to throw a little light upon the mystery by its aid. In vain; I find that the three counties of England producing the best cheese are not situated on similar soil. Cheshire is on the new red sandstone; North Wilts and Gloucester are on the oolitic limestone; Cheddar, on the carboniferous strata.

The cause of the differences must, therefore, be sought in other sources: and there is little doubt but that it depends almost entirely on the process of manufacture.

Our sensible friends north of the Tweed, who are sufficiently shrewd, especially where their pockets are concerned, arrived at the same conclusion some time since; and the Agricultural Association of Ayrshire sent a deputation to inquire into the plans adopted in the counties of England which produce the best cheese. After carefully examining the different modes followed, the deputation recommended their Ayrshire countrymen to follow that adopted in the Cheddar district, as having the great advantage of producing the very best cheese with the very least labor. The general principles of the plan may be briefly stated. The milk is employed without the removal of any of the cream; for, as might be imagined, butter and good cheese cannot both be made out of the same portion of milk. The liquid used to coagulate the milk is rennet, which is obtained by steeping in water the salted and dried stomach of the calf; these *vells*, as they are termed, should never be used until twelve months old. It is a remarkable proof of the power of the animal juices, that the rennet obtained from one vell is sufficient to curdle enough milk to make half a ton of cheese. Before the rennet is added, the evening and the morning milks are mixed together, and the temperature of the whole is raised to 80°, by heating a portion and mixing it with the remainder. In one hour the whole is coagulated. Portions of the whey are then drained off, and heated. The whole of the curd is now minutely and most carefully divided; after which as much of the heated whey is added as will raise the temperature again to 80°. It is then left for an hour, when the whey is drawn off and heated rather higher than before. The curd is again minutely broken, and pailfuls of heated whey are forced in, so as to raise the temperature to 100°. The whole is constantly stirred during the time, so that the curd becomes somewhat consistent. It is then left half an hour, in order that it may settle, when the whey is dipped out, and the last portions drained off without pressure. The curd is then cut into large slices, turned, and allowed to drain for half an hour, and when its temperature has fallen to 60° it is subjected to a moderate pressure for half an hour. At the expiration of this time, it is broken fine in a curd mill, and the best refined rock salt added (in the proportion of two pounds to one hundred weight of curd,) made into cheeses, and placed in the cheese-press. The next morning it is turned and pressed again; and the third morning it is laid upon the shelf, having been previously laced up in a piece of canvass to preserve the shape whilst drying. The drying is accomplished in a well-aired cheese-room, kept at a temperature of from 55° to 60°.

Spite of all that prejudiced ignorance asserts, there is no doubt but that the inferior character of certain kinds of cheese depends mainly upon three or four causes:—firstly, on the impoverishment of the milk by the removal of cream; secondly, on the employment of an excess of rennet, which produces a too rapid coagulation; thirdly, on the use of too high a temperature, from which results a hardness of the curd; and lastly, on the occasional want of cleanliness in the dairy. In the Cheddar plan—the low temperature of 80° in the first stages gives richness of taste, and the greater heat employed afterwards renders easy the separation of the whey.

The most extreme and ultra cleanliness is absolutely indispensable, as a single drop of milk sinking into an absorbent floor will cause the cheese made during a whole season to become sour and valueless.

Upon the observance or non-observance of these simple precautions depends the quality of the cheese, and upon the latter depends its price. The best Cheddar will always realize from 65s. to 75s. per hundredweight; while inferior cheeses are often unsaleable at less than half the money.—W. B. TROSTENMER, *An eminent English agriculturist and apiarian.*

HONORABLE JACK METTERNICK'S PLAN OF DEALING WITH A SHY SUITOR.

WINTERING FARM STOCK—COWS.

Almost every family, especially in the country and the smaller towns, keep one or more cows for the purpose of supplying themselves with milk and butter—both articles of prime necessity with *every* housekeeper. In this paper we shall not speak of the care and management of large dairies, but rather of cases like those above indicated, where their owners do not often study that close economy in feeding their cows, and in the disposal of their products, which may very profitably be given in large establishments. But everywhere, those who would have milk in winter, must not forget that succulent and nutritious food is needed to keep up its flow. But slight dependence can be had upon dry fodder alone, unless it be first rate both in character and quality.

Milch cows should be stabled, especially at night and in stormy weather. This is too frequently neglected, the milch cow receiving no better care than those not in milk, or the young stock of the farmer. This is a mistaken policy, if milk is desired. And, from good cows, well fed and cared for, it is more valuable than at any other season of the year. Good butter can be made, and commands a better price than at any other season. It will pay, for one cow or for scores, to keep them sheltered and comfortable—all their wants as fully supplied as circumstances will allow.

A proper and convenient supply of water is of much importance. No animal, and no milch cow especially, should be compelled to wander off in the bleak, cold storm to some distant pond or spring-hole for drink, but should have it supplied at or near the yard, if possible. When there is difficulty in getting water, cattle are apt to drink too much at a time, and milch cows decrease in milk from such painful distention of the stomach with ice cold water. Many dairymen find it profitable to warm the water given their cows and other animals in winter.

Good hay may well form a part of the winter feed of cows, but they need something more in order to yield a good supply of rich milk. Carrots and other root crops, also pumpkins and apples, promote the flow of milk and the health and thrift of the animal. Where these cannot be had, the coarser grains, ground and mixed with chopped hay or straw, or cornstalks, may be fed to cows, or they may be employed in connection with the articles first named. An occasional change of food is much relished by cows as well as other stock, and promotes both health and appetite. Oats and barley, or oats and corn, or buckwheat, or rye, form a good provender or meal for this purpose. Corn meal fed alone has a tendency to dry off the milk—its greatest value is for fattening rather than milk-making purposes. Give cows what good hay and well cured corn fodder they will fully dispose of, and a peck or so of shorts or provender properly wet and seasoned with a little salt, and they will continue in milk as long as though roots were given them, and yield milk of a richer character.

Regularity, both in feeding and milking, is necessary to the comfort and thrift of the cow. Many, when their cows give but a small quantity, milk but once a day in winter. We cannot commend the practice, and would not follow it unless for the purpose of drying off our cows. It is true they give a less quantity at night than at morning, but milked regularly, the night's milking may be looked upon as so much extra to what would be obtained with milking once a day.—*Country Gentleman.*

FOOT-ROT IN SHEEP.

Foot-rot is essentially an inflammation of the softer parts of the foot, about the horny covering of the hoof, which is contagious; so if it once appears and is not checked, the whole flock is generally injured. The disease may be known by the following symptoms:—The animal limps, walking as if the feet were painful; the hoofs are hot, and the skin adjoining swells with symptoms of fever, ordinarily being alternately hot and cold by spells. The inflammation is partly in the cleft of the foot, partly in the toes under the hoof, and partly under the edge and thin part of the hoof. The appetite fails as soon as the fever appears. If the fever abates and the appetite returns, it will go well with the sheep, unless the decay of the bones (caries) sets in, which symptom attends the most malignant form of the foot-rot. On the second or third day following the appearance of the disease, the hoofs and adjoining parts lose their reddish color, and become at first whitish and then pearly color, the skin in the cleft of the foot meantime being redder, more like the natural color. Then follows a watery discharge of exceedingly offensive odor, the skin separating from the parts beneath, and the foot becoming more painful as the lameness increases. The inflammation continues to increase, and extends farther under the hoof and deeper into the flesh, and affects more extensively both parts of the foot, on both sides. The cleft becomes gradually deeper by the dividing of the flesh; the tender flesh that unites the hoof to the bones of the toes softens, and results in the hoof falling off entirely in about three or four weeks.

REMEDY.—As soon as the true malignant rot is discovered in the flesh, the diseased sheep must be separated from the healthy ones, and the stables must be cleaned. The best remedy for this disease that I have found is butter of antimony, (*butyrum antimonii, or chloride of antimony,*) and spirits of hartshorn. The spirits of turpentine and blue vitriol mixed together are also very good. The animal must be turned upon his rump, that the feet may be thoroughly examined, and all the dead parts cut away with a sharp knife down to the living part; if it bleeds a little, that does no harm. The foot must then be smeared with the mixture of turpentine and blue vitriol. It is sometimes well to bind up the foot in a linen bandage. The animal must not be allowed to go in any soft or dirty place, but should be kept on dry straw litter. Every fourth day the feet must be carefully examined, one by one, and the remedy again applied, as long as is necessary. If this is strictly adhered to, in the course of a month the flock will be entirely sound again, the appetite will return, and the animal in a short time be in good condition.—CARL HEYNE, in *N. Y. State Ag. Transactions.*

WINTER MANAGEMENT OF BEES.

About the first of December the hives in all cold latitudes should be protected in some manner, in order to enable the bees to pass the winter, without loss by the effects of the frost. The manner of proceeding depends on the state of the weather generally in the winter season. If the ground be usually covered with snow, and there be a good deal of cloudy weather, it will sometimes be found a good plan to place the hives upon boards, directly upon the ground, raised about three-eighths of an inch, to allow air to circulate in them, and then bury them in snow as soon as possible, and keep the hives covered with it all winter, sufficiently deep not to expose them to the rays of the sun during a thaw.

It matters not how deep you cover the hives—the heat of them internally will cause the snow to melt upon their sides, and allow the air to circulate around them. But if a thaw intervenes between fall and spring, and lays the ground bare of snow, and then the weather sets in severely cold, your bees will suffer undoubtedly.

Outside boxes are sometimes made, to slip over the hives, with an opening in front to allow the bees to come out in pleasant weather. These boxes should be made tight, and rest on the bottom boards of the hives, and be just enough larger than the boxes to let them slip over them easily. Bees, in most cases, can be successfully wintered in this manner.

Winter bee-houses, made of bricks, or of wood, with their sides filled in with tan bark, or saw-dust, so as not to be susceptible within to sudden changes of weather, are also well adapted to wintering bees. They should be perfectly *dark*, and have ventilation at the ridge, and a dark air-hole at the bottom, as a large number of hives in a small room soon causes the air to become very impure.

A very dry cellar is also a good place to winter bees, but the ordinary cellars of the country are almost certain death to them, by causing the combs to mould, and generating a dampness, that is injurious to bees.

It is decidedly best not to disturb bees in the winter, if it can be avoided; but when one attempts to winter families that have not a supply of honey to carry them through the cold season, they must be disturbed more or less. We recommend such families to be set in a dry cellar, or bee-house, and the hives inverted—turned bottoms up, and, if full of combs, cut out enough to admit a piece of empty comb, six inches square or more, to be laid *horizontally* upon the ends of the combs cut off, and yet be two inches below the edges of the hive. Then tie a piece of cotton cloth over the hive—that which is very thin and open, so as to allow the air to pass through it. At evening, when the bees are to be fed, take a lighted lamp, and remove the cloth carefully, and fill the cells of the empty comb with strained honey, or syrup made of sugar, prepared by adding a little water to it, and heating it to the boiling point, and skimming it. This honey or syrup should be kept in a pitcher, and warmed a little when fed, in order to make it enter the cells the more easily.

It is an excellent plan to make a hole, about an inch in diameter, in the centre of the horizontal comb, to allow the bees to pass up through it to take the proffered honey, when there are but few bees in the hive. The comb, in such cases, should be placed directly over where they cluster.

SMOKING MEAT.—A correspondent of the Chester County (Pa.) Times describes his mode of smoking meat as follows:—

I have a small room, through which the chimney stack passes, completely plastered; all the chinks about the door closed up, and the floor covered with zinc, so that no smoke can escape, and that by no possibility (although there is not a bit of danger,) anything can catch fire. There are two holes, similar to pipe holes, punched through the chimney—one about twelve inches from the floor, and the other about six inches from the ceiling, so as to admit of the ingress and egress of smoke from the chimney. The smoke will go in the lower hole and out of the upper one. The meat can be hung on a wooden crane, which may be swung round so as to expose all portions of it to the action of the smoke. I have sheet-iron slides put over the holes mentioned above, so as to render the room perfectly free from smoke, thereby surmounting any difficulty in the way of using the room for any other purpose. If you have no room in the attic suitable for the purpose, a closet, say six feet square, can easily be built adjoining the chimney, at a very little expense and trouble, which will answer every purpose. The closet must be made "smoke-tight," and either lined with tin, or painted with fire-proof paint on the inside, so that there will be no danger from sparks which might enter from the chimney, and set fire to the wood.

I am sure if my neighbors would try this plan of smoking meat, and save the expense of building an out-house for that purpose alone, they would see the advantage of it; and there would not be nearly so many "locals" in our country papers, headed "Smoke-Houses Robbed," "Hams Stolen," &c.

Useful Receipts.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING.—As this is the season for luxurious eating, we give a few receipts for the getting up of the dessert for Christmas and New-Year dinners:

OLD ENGLISH PLUM-PUDDING.—To make what is termed a pound pudding, take of raisins well stoned, currants thoroughly washed, one pound each; chop a pound of suet very finely, and mix with them; add a quarter of a pound of flour, or bread very finely crumbled, three ounces of sugar, one ounce and a half of grated lemon-peel, a blade of mace, half a small nutmeg, half a dozen eggs well beaten; work it well together, put it into a cloth, tie it firmly—allowing room to swell—and boil not less than five hours. It should not be suffered to stop boiling.

BOILED PLUM-PUDDING.—Take one pound of good suet; cut in small pieces, and add one pound of currants and one of stoned raisins, eight eggs, one nutmeg grated, one pound of flour, and one pint of milk; to the eggs, previously well beaten, add one-half the milk, and mix well together; stir in the flour, spice, fruit, and suet, and the remainder of the milk. Boil from four to five hours.

MINCE PIE.—The best kind of meat for mince pies is neat's tongue and feet. Boil the meat till perfectly tender; then take it up; clear it from the bones and gristle; chop it fine enough to strain through a sieve; mix it with an equal weight of tart apples, chopped very fine. If the meat is not fat, put in a little suet or melted butter. Moisten the whole with cider; sweeten it to the taste with sugar and very little molasses; add mace, cinnamon, cloves, and salt to the taste. If you wish to make your pies rich, put in wine or brandy to the taste, and raisins, citron, and Zante currants. The grated rind and juice of lemons improve the pie. Make the pies on shallow plates, with apertures in the upper crust, and bake them from half to three-quarters of an hour, according to the heat of the oven.

Meat prepared for pies in the following manner will keep good several months, if kept in a cool, dry place:—To a pound of finely-chopped meat, a quarter of a pound of suet, put half an ounce of mace, one ounce of cinnamon, a quarter of an ounce of cloves, two teaspoonsful of salt. Add, if you like, the following fruits: half a pound of seeded raisins, half a pound Zante currants, a quarter of a pound of citron. Put in half a pint of French brandy or wine, three tablespoonsful of molasses, and sugar sufficient to make it quite sweet. Put the whole in a stone pot, and cover it with a paper wet in brandy. When you wish to use any of it for pies, put to what meat you use an equal weight of apples, pared and chopped fine. If not seasoned high enough, add more spice and sugar. If the apples are not tart, put in lemon juice or sour cider.

GOLDEN PIE.—Take one lemon, grate the peel, and squeeze the pulp and juice in a bowl—be sure to remove every seed—to which add one tea-cup of white sugar, one tea-cup of new milk, one tablespoonful of powdered starch, and the yolks of three eggs, well beaten; pour this mixture into a nice paste crust, and bake slowly. Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth, and when the pie is just done pour it over the top evenly, and return to the oven, just to stiffen, not brown.—*Rural New Yorker.*

SILVER PIE.—Peel and grate one large white potato into a deep plate, add the juice and grated rind of one lemon, the beaten white of one egg, one tea-cup of white sugar, and one tea-cup of cold water; pour this into a nice under-crust, and bake. When done have ready the beaten whites of three eggs, half tea-cup of powdered sugar, a few drops of rose-water; pour this over the pie, and return to the oven to set. When ready for table lay a few lumps of current jelly on the top. Have these pies just cold for dinner.—*Rural New Yorker.*

THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE.—A faithful minister of the Gospel being one day engaged in visiting some members of his flock, came to the door of a house where his gentle tapping could not be heard for the noise of contention within. After waiting a little he opened the door, and walked in, saying, with an authoritative voice, "I should like to know who is the head of this house." "Weel, sir," said the husband and father, "if ye sit doon a wee we'll may be able to tell ye, for we're just tryin' to settle that point."

The Riddler.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 1, 6, 8, is generally considered pleasing.
My 2, 15, 2, 15, 2, 3, is a species of pine apple.
My 3, 4, 11, 15, is a part of the human frame.
My 4, 9, 5, 3, 8, is to raise.
My 5, 12, 9, 15, 11, 15, 7, gives employment to many.
My 6, 9, 6, is a negative.
My 7, 9, 6, 7, is a kind of bell.
My 8, 5, 3, 4, is an exclamation.
My 9, 6, 5, 9, 6, is a vegetable.
My 10, 9, 12, 8, 9, 15, is a celebrated writer.
My 11, 15, 12, 2, 3, 14, 9, 15, is an attack on the rights of an another.
My 12, 9, 8, is a disease.
My 13, 14, 3, 5, 9, 15, is an organ.
My 14, 16, 6, 11, 8, 15, 16, is inflaming.
My 15, 2, 7, is a pony.
My 16, 9, 11, 15, 16, is often cried.
My whole was an author of celebrity.

Philada. C. H.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 31 letters.
My 5, 6, 13, 26, is a cape in North America.
My 5, 8, 15, 32, is a river in Europe.
My 20, 2, 7, 9, 3, 10, is a chain of mountains in Asia.
My 28, 31, 5, 24, is a city in South America.
My 1, 16, 3, 10, 18, is a country in Africa.
My 21, 6, 28, 24, 22, is an island in the Pacific Ocean.
My 1, 31, 5, 5, 18, 17, 23, is a county in Virginia.
My 19, 27, 30, 3, 4, is a town in Michigan.
My 18, 11, 22, 16, is one of the United States.
My 12, 13, 15, 4, 4, is a county in Virginia.
My 14, 31, 5, 4, is a county in Kentucky.
My 25, 18, 25, 25, 5, 30, 25, 10, 26, is a county in Virginia.
My 29, 16, 20, 26, is a town in New York.
My whole is an institution in Philadelphia.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

At a table sat a worthy pair
One wintry eve at set of sun;
And as they heard the blustering air,
Their thoughts to youthful times did run.
Of how in days long since gone by,
When drifting snow fell thick and fast,
They in my first away did hie,
And heeded not the icy blast.

But from the reverie they were in,
And the thoughts of youthful days
They were aroused by a noisy din,
Which men with my second tried to raise.
Above the noise which my second made,
And the roar of wind so loud and high,
They heard my whole, as it obeyed
The wish of those who were passing by.

Pequea, Lancaster Co., Pa. A. K. HOWRY.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Letters just five will spell my name,
If backwards read it's still the same;
Read from the middle to either end,
You'll there discover a curse, my friend.

With a thousand began, with a thousand I end,
My middle five hundred on which I depend;
My second and fourth are two vowel letters.
The answer now I will leave to my betters.

Maples, Scott Co., Ills. J. SIMMONS.

REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A river in France.
A cape in the United States.
A metal.
A Roman emperor.
A tropical fruit.
A country in South America.
A river in Spain.
An ancient painter.
One of the Western rivers.
One mentioned in the Bible.
The initials will show you an animal.

New Bedford. P. D. L.

PHILOSOPHICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I dropped a ball from Jackson bridge,
Its height above the stream to tell,
A pendulum two feet in length
Made five vibrations while it fell.
Can you in numbers fairly show
How high this lofty bridge must be
Above the stream that glides below—
The feet and inches show to me?

W. H. COLEMAN.

Pittsfield, Berkshire Co., Mass.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A certain gentleman bought a valuable farm, which was divided into four unequal fields, paying as many dollars per acre for each field as there were acres *in* that field. The whole farm contained 344 acres, and cost the gentleman $69,952.00. The sum paid for the first field was to the sum he paid for the second field, as the price of one acre of the second field was to the price of one acre of the third field, or as the price of one acre of the third field was to the price of one acre of the fourth. Required—the number of acres contained in each field.

☞ An answer is requested.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

AN ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Says Willie to Jamie: "Can you subtract the sum of 45 from the sum of 45, in such a manner that the sum of 45 will remain? I can." X.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What Highland sport would a number of young girls conversing remind you of? Ans.—Deer-stalking, (Dears-talking.)

☞ What tune can make every one glad? Ans.—For tune.

☞ What key is the hardest to turn? Ans.—A don-key.

☞ What wind should a hungry sailor wish for? Ans.—One that blows fowl and chops about.

☞ What is that which, supposing its greatest breadth to be four inches, length nine inches, and depth three inches, contains a solid foot? Ans.—A shoe.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ZOOLOGICAL ENIGMA—Virtue, Liberty, and Independence, Motto of Pennsylvania. CHARADE—Wellington. CHARADE—Burden. RIDDLE—School. INTEREST QUESTION—Each note was for $2000, and the time 15 years.